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Days Departed;

OR,

BANWELL HILL :

A Lay of the Severn Sea.

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A Lay of the Severn Sea.

BY THE

REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES.

"The windings of my way, through many years."

Cowper.

MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET, LONDON;

AND

CRUTTWELL, BATH.

1828.

PRINTED BY RICHARD CRUTTWELL,
ST. JAMES'S-STREET, BATH.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND HENRY LAW, D.D.
LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

MY DEAR LORD,

How far I may be thought to have forgotten the Horatian precept, in writing this Poem, must be left to the decision of others; at all events, I avail myself of the opportunity of expressing, publicly, my high esteem, and most grateful feelings, towards Him, who, as he suggested the subject, will be the first to pardon its defects of execution; and*


I remain, MY LORD,

Most faithfully,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

* -Solve senescentem, &c.



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PREFACE.

THE estimation of a Poem of this nature must depend, first, on its arrangement, plan, and disposition; secondly, on the judgment, propriety, and feeling, with which—in just and proper succession and relief—picture, pathos, moral and religious reflections, historical notices, or affecting incidents, are interwoven.

The reader will, in the next place, attend to the versification, or measure, in which the thoughts are conveyed. Shakespeare and Milton are the great masters of the verse I have adopted. But who can be heard after them? The reader, however, will at least find no specimens of sonorous harmony ending with such significant words as “of,” “and,” “if,” “but,” &c. of which we have innumerable examples in modern blank verse.

I would, therefore, only request of him to observe, that when such passages occur in this poem, as

“ Vanishing ! Hush ! ” &c.

it was from design, and not from want of ear.

An intermixture of scenes and characters from artificial life might be thought, at first sight, out of keeping with the tone of general colouring: but the interspersion of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, has often the effect of light and shade, as will be apparent on looking at Cowper's exquisite “ Task,” though he has sometimes offended against taste. The only difficulty is “ happily to steer ” from grave to gay.

Of blank verse of the kind to which I have alluded, I am tempted to give a specimen:

'Twas summer, and we sail'd to Greenwich in
A four-oar'd boat. The sun was shining, and
The scenes delightful; while we gazed on
The river winding, till we landed at
The Ship, &c.

So far, respecting the plan, the execution, and the versification. As to the sentiments delivered in this poem, and in the notes, I must explicitly declare, that when I am convinced, as a clergyman and a magistrate, there has been a dreadful increase of crimes, owing, among other causes, to the system pursued by “ NOMINAL ”

CHRISTIANS, who either do not *like*, or will not understand, what is truly EVANGELICAL preaching, according to the great rule of CHRIST and his Apostles,—I think it a public duty to express my own opinions without compromise, fear, or disguise. When preachers are found,* who *will not* preach “*these three*,” (faith, hope, and charity,) according to the order of St. Paul, but keep two of these graces, and the GREATEST of ALL, out of sight, upon any human plea or pretension; when they will *not* preach, “add to your faith virtue,” though they know St. Peter set the example; when they will *not* preach, “CHRIST “died for *the sins* of the *world*, and not for OUR’S only,” as St. John declared; when, from any pleas of their own, or persuaded by any sophistry or faction, they become, most emphatically, “*dumb dogs*” to more than

* St. Paul says, “a man is justified by FAITH, without the DEEDS of “the LAW.”† In a Sermon before the Municipal Authorities of Bristol, a Reverend *theological* Doctor adds, as I see by an extract in the papers, without “GOOD” works! thus altering the fundamental position of the Apostle; and in direct contradiction to what the same Apostle says, in the same Epistle to the Romans, and in the Epistle to Titus, Timothy, Colossians, Corinthians, &c.! Whether the Mayor and Aldermen of Bristol are wiser or better, for such daring additions to the Apostolic text, is not of much consequence; but, as guardians of public morals, it is of great consequence, as far as regards the *general* application.

† “Glory, honour, and peace, to EVERY MAN that WORKETH GOOD!”

Rom. ii. 10.

half of that GOSPEL which they have engaged before God plainly to deliver; when abominations and crimes, as I am verily persuaded have been, are, and *must be*, the consequence of such public preaching,—leaving others to “stand or fall” to their own God; I shall, as I have done through life, be guided by my own understanding, and the plain Word of God, as I find it earnestly, simply, beautifully, and divinely set before me, by the Apostles of my Master; and so feeling, I shall as fearlessly deliver my own opinions, being assured, whether popular or unpopular, whether they offend this man or that, this sect or that sect, they will not easily be shaken. Whatever may be thought of some of the sentiments which I have honestly, under paramount Christian feelings, expressed, I am not much afraid of any human condemnation among the *note-learned* sciolists of any *school* of divinity, when I am content to share the obloquy with St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John.

I might ask, why did St. Paul add, so emphatically, “THESE THREE,” when he enumerated the Christian graces? Doubtless, because he thought the distinction *very important*. Why did St. Peter say, “add to your “faith virtue?” Because he thought it equally important and essential. Why did St. John say, “CHRIST “died for the sins of the whole world, and not for our’s

“only?” Because he thought this point equally important and necessary.

Never omitting JUSTIFICATION by FAITH, and THE ATONEMENT, and never separating FAITH from its hallowed fellowship, we shall find all other parts of the Gospel unite in harmonious subordination; but if we *shade* these points down, leave them out, contradict them, by insidious sophistry, in the face of the Giver of the “*Holy Bible*”—the Scripture, so far from being “rightly divided,” will be discordant and clashing. The man, be who he may, who preaches “*faith*,” without its test and end, *charity*; who preaches “*faith without virtue*,” is as pernicious and false an expounder of the divine message, as he who preaches “*good works*,” without their legitimate and only foundation, CHRISTIAN faith.

It is more incumbent that the faithful minister should do this, as, in fact, how many millions are there who do not *like* the Gospel; and, therefore, *pay* to hear only that which is most in *unison* with their own feelings! One would suppose from the language of some preachers, the “civil,” “decent,” “moral” people, from the times of Baxter to the present, want *amendment* most! We all know, that mere *morals*, which have NO CHRISTIAN BASIS, are not the Gospel of CHRIST; but I might tell Richard, with great respect notwith-

standing, for I respect his sincerity and his heart—that, at least, “*decent*,” and “*civil*,” and “*moral*” people,* are not *worse* than *indecent*, *immoral*, and *uncivil* people; and when there are so many of these last, I think a word or two of reproof would not much hurt them, let the “*decent*,” “*moral*,” and “*civil*,” be as *wicked* as they may.

As there is such a lamentable dearth of *crimes*, in the present day, “*Oratorios*”—that is, the praises of God in his Holy Temple—have been held up as the essence of *impiety*, though I do not envy that man’s piety, who has ever heard the strains of Handel pealing through the long-drawn aisles of our Cathedrals, without purer, more exalted, and more devotional feelings! Of such a code of Christianity, I have thought it my duty to speak “*boldly, as I ought to speak!*”

Respecting the language of the Poem, I had nearly forgotten one remark. In almost all the local poems I have read, there is generally a confusion, of the following nature. A local, descriptive poem must consist, first, of the graphic, view of the scenery

* BAXTER’S “*Saint’s Rest*.”

around the spot from whence the view is taken; and, secondly, of the reflections and feelings which that view may be supposed to excite. The feelings of the heart naturally associate themselves with the idea of the tones of the supposed poetical harp; but external scenes are the province of the *pencil*, for the *harp* cannot PAINT woods and hills, and, therefore, in almost all descriptive poems, the *pencil* and the *lyre* clash. Hence, in one page, the poet speaks of his lyre, and in the next, when he leaves feelings to *paint to the eye*, before the harp is out of the hand, he turns, per force, the *pencil*! This fault is almost inevitable; the reader, therefore, will see in the first page of this poem, that the graphic pencil is assumed, when the tones of the harp were inappropriate.

I feel that I ought to make some apology to the reader, for the *lightness* of some of my Notes, particularly to the excellent Prelate, to whom the poem is inscribed; but it will be recollected, the poem is on "Days "Departed," and a few incidental anecdotes, relating to that period of my life, will, I trust, be pardoned.

I am not among those, who divide the Clergy of the Church of England into classes; and I think it my duty ingenuously to declare, that the opinions I have given, of the effects of such public doctrines as I have described,

were written without communication with any one living. I think it right to declare this, most explicitly, lest the distinguished character, to whom this poem is inscribed, might be supposed to have any participation in such sentiments; though, I trust, no possible objection could be made to the manly avowal of my opinion on the injurious effects of anti-nomian, anti-moral, anti-scriptural doctrines, be they preached by whom they may.

~~As to any personality in my portraits, the characters described are common, and, as I have described them, seen every day. I disclaim all *personality*, except in regard to the *riders* of the clock, in the Cathedral of Wells,* and the *solitary gentleman*, against the wall, who strikes the hours!~~

I need make no apology, except where my own name is mentioned, for printing Mr. WARNER's sensible Letter, in his own language.

* My earliest playfellow on Uphill Green was a respectable hair-dresser, now living at Wells. Having referred to him in a note, the note could not be understood without this explanation; his name is JAMES CAULFIELD.

Days Departed ;

OR,

BANWELL HILL:

A Lay of the Severn Sea.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.

Introduction—Retrospective—General View—Cave—Bones—Brief Sketch of Events since the Deposit—Egypt—Druid—Roman—Saxon—Dane—Norman—Hill—Campanula—Bleadon—Weston—Steep Holms—Solitary Flower on Steep Holms, the Piony—Flat Holms—Three unknown Graves—Sea—Sea, treacherous in its tranquillity—Mr. Elton's Children—Packet-Boat sunk.

PART II.

First Sound of the Sea—First Sight of the Sea—Mother—Children—Uphill Parsonage—Father—Wells Clock—Clock Figure—Contrast of Village Manners—Village Maid—Rural Nymph before the Justices—State of Agricultural Districts—Cause of Crimes—Workhouse Girl—Manufactory Ranters—Prosing Parson—Prig Parson—Calvinistic Commentators, &c.—Anti-moral Preaching—Unaffected Piety—Crimes pass'd over by Anti-moral Preachers—Bible, without note or comment—English Jaggernaut—Moral Education—Annual Meeting on the Lawn, at Castle-Combe, of 140 Children—Old Nurse—Benevolence of English Landlords—Stourhead—Ken at Longleat—Marston House—Early Travels in Switzerland—Compton House—Clergyman's Wife—Village Clergyman.

PART III.

Solitary Sea—Ship—Sea-scenes of Southampton contrasted—Solitary Sand—Young Lady—Severn—Walton Castle—Picture of Bristol—Brockley-Coomb—Fayland—Goblin-Coomb—Cottage—Poor Dinah—Langford Court—Mendip Lodge—Blagdon—Wrington—Its Rector, author of the tune of "Auld Robin Gray"—Auld Robin Gray—Auld Lang Syne.

PART IV.

Lang Syne—Return to the Deluge—Vision of the Flood—Archangel—Storm increasing—Trump—Voice—Phantom—Horse—Dove of the Ark—Dove ascending—Conclusion.

Days Departed ;

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BANWELL HILL.



I.

INTRODUCTION—GENERAL VIEW—CAVE—STEEP

HOLMS—FLAT HOLMS—SEA.

IF, gazing from this eminence, I wake,
With thronging thoughts, the harp of poesy
Once more, ere night descend—haply, with tones
Fainter, and haply with a long farewell ;
If—looking back upon the lengthen'd way
My feet have trod, since, long ago, I left
Those well-known shores, and when mine eyes are fill'd
With tears,—I take the pencil in its turn,
And lightly shade the landscape spread below,
That smilingly beguiles those starting tears,
Something—the feelings of the human heart—
Something, the scene itself, and something more—

 Introduction.

A wish to gratify one gen'rous mind—
 May plead for pardon:—

21
 To this spot I came,
 To view the dark memorials of a world*
 Perish'd at the ALMIGHTY's voice, and swept
 With all its noise away! Since then, unmark'd,
 In that rude Cave those dark memorials lay,
 And told no tale!

SPIRIT OF OTHER TIMES,
 SAD SHADOW of the ancient world, come forth,
 Thou who hast slept four thousand years, AWAKE!—
 Rise from the Cavern's last recess, and say,
 What giant cleft in twain the neighbouring rocks,†
 Then slept for ages in vast OGO's‡ Cave,
 And left them, rent and frowning, from that hour;
 Say, rather, when the stern Archangel stood,
 Above the tossing of the flood, what arm

* The reader is referred to Dr. BUCKLAND's most interesting illustrations of these remains of a former world. The BISHOP of BATH and WELLS has built a picturesque and appropriate cottage near the cave, on the hill commanding this fine view.

† The stupendous CHEDDAR CLIFFS, in the neighbourhood.

‡ WOOKEY. *Antrum Ogonis.*

Retrospective.

Shatter'd this mountain, and its hollow chasm
Heap'd with those mute memorials of that doom?

SPIRIT OF OTHER TIMES, THOU SPEAKEST NOT!
Yet who could gaze a moment, on that wreck
Of desolation, but must pause to think
Of the MUTATIONS of the Globe;—of TIME,
Hurrying to onward spoil;—of his OWN LIFE,
Swift passing, as the summer light, away;—
Of HIM, who spoke, and the dread storm went forth.

The surge came, and the surge went back, and THERE—
THERE—when the black abyss had ceas'd to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—THERE,
The BONES, that strew the inmost cavern, LAY:
And when forgotten centuries had pass'd,
And the grey smoke went up from villages,
And cities, with their tow'rs and temples, shone,
And KINGDOMS ROSE and PERISH'D—THERE THEY LAY!

The crow sail'd o'er the spot, the villager
Plodded to morning toil, yet, undisturb'd,
They lay :—when lo!—as if but yesterday,

General View.

The Archangel's trump had echo'd o'er the deep,
The mighty shade of ages that are pass'd,
Tow'rs into light ! Say, Christian, is it true ?
That dim recess, that cavern, heap'd with bones,
Will echo to THY BIBLE !

But awhile,
Here let me stand, and gaze upon the scene,
Array'd in living light around, and mark
The morning sunshine,—on that very shore
Where once a child I wander'd :—Oh ! return,
(I sigh,) “ return a moment, days of youth,
“ Of childhood,—oh, return ! ” How vain the thought,
Vain as unmanly ! yet the pensive Muse,
Unblam'd, may dally with imaginings ;
For this wide view is like the scene of life,
Once travers'd o'er with carelessness and glee,
And we look back upon the vale of years,
And hear remember'd voices, and behold,
In blended colours, images and shades
Long pass'd, now rising, as at Memory's call,
Again in softer light.

I see thee not—
HOME OF MY INFANCY—I see thee not,

Cave—Bones.

Thou Fane that standest on the hill alone,*
The homeward sailor's sea-mark; but I view
BREAN DOWN, beyond it, and thy winding sands,
WESTON, and, far away, a wand'ring ship,
Where stretches into mist the SEVERN SEA.
There, mingled with the clouds, old CAMBRIA draws
Its stealing line of mountains, lost in haze;
There, in mid-channel, sit the sister HOLMS,†
Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,
As it rides by, might almost seem to rive
The deep foundations of the Earth again,
Threat'ning, as once, resistless, to ascend
In tempest to this height, to bury here
Fresh-weltering carcasses!

But, lo, the CAVE!

Descend the steps, cut rudely in the rock,
Cautious. The yawning vault is at our feet!
And caverns, winding within caverns, spread
On either side their labyrinths—all dark,
Save where the light falls glimm'ring on huge bones,
In mingled multitudes. Ere yet we ask
Whose bones, and of what animals they form'd

* UPHILL Church.

† Flat and Steep HOLMS.

Cave—Bones.

The structure, when no human voice was heard
In all this Isle, look upward to the roof
That silent drips, and has for ages dripp'd,
From which, like icicles, the stalactites
Depend: then ask of the Geologist,
How Nature, vaulting the rude chamber, scoop'd
Its long recesses; the Geologist
Will talk of limestone-rock—of stalactites,
And öolites, and hornblende, and grey whack!
With sounds almost as craggy as the rock
Of which he speaks—Feldspar, and Gneis, and Schorl!
But let us learn of this same Troglodyte,*
Who guides us through the winding labyrinth,
The erudite “PROFESSOR” of the Cave,
Not of the College—Stagyrite of bones:—
He leads, with flick’ring candle, through the heaps
Himself has pil’d, and plac’d in various forms,
Grotesque arrangement, and the cave itself
Seems but his element of breathing! “Look!—
“This” HUMERUS “is that of the wild ox!!”
The very candle, as with sympathy,
Flares, while he speaks—in glimm’ring wonderment!

* Mr. BEARD, of Banwell, called familiarly “the Professor,” of whom I speak with respect, trusting he will forgive this good-humoured smile.

Brief Sketch of Events since the Deposit—Egypt—Druid—Roman.

But who can mark these visible remains,
Nor pause to think how awful, and how true,
The dread event they speak ! What monuments
Hath man, since then, the Lord—the Emmet—raised
On earth ! He hath built pyramids, and said,
“STAND THERE !” and in their solitudes they stood,
Whilst, like the camel’s shadow, on the sands
Beneath them, years and ages pass’d. He said,
“MY NAME SHALL NEVER DIE !” and like the God
Of Silence,* with his finger on his lip,
Oblivion mock’d, then pointed to a tomb—
Mid vast and winding vaults—WITHOUT A NAME.
Where art thou, THEBES ? The chambers of the dead
Echo, “BEHOLD !” and twice ten thousand men,
Ev’n in their march of rapine, and of blood,
Involuntary halted,† at the sight
Of thy majestic wreck, for many a league—
Sphynxes, colossal fanes, and obelisks—
Pale in the morning sun ! Ambition sigh’d,
A moment, and pass’d on. In this rude Isle,
The Druid altars frown’d ; and still they stand,
As silent as the barrows at their feet,

* Egyptian God of Silence.

† Halt of the French army at the sight of the ruins.

Saxon—Dane—Norman.

Yet tell the same stern tale. SOLDIER OF ROME,
Art thou come hither, to this land, remote,
Hid in the ocean-waste ? Thy chariot wheels
Rung on that road below !*—Cohorts, and turms,
With their Centurions, in long file, appear,
Their golden Eagles glitt'ring to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears ; and standard-flags
Wave, and the trumpets sounding to "advance,"
And shields, and helms, and crests, and chariots, mark
The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery,
Firing the grey horizon !—THEY ARE PASS'D !
And like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave but a name behind !—So PASSES MAN,
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes !—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurtling as they pass.
The Saxon Kings have strew'd their palaces
From Thames to Tyne. But, lo ! the sceptre shakes ;
The Dane, remorseless as the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the land !
What terror strode before his track of blood !
What hamlets mourn'd his desultory march,
When on the circling hills, along the sea,

* The Roman way passes immediately under Banwell.

Hill—Campanula.

The beacon-flame shone nightly! HE HAS PASS'D!
Now frowns the Norman Victor on his throne,
And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire,
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety,
With new-inspiring energies, awoke,
And ampler polity: in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds, and forest-glens,
The tow'rs of the sequester'd Abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston Fane
First met the morning light. The Parish Church
Then too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village peal
Flings out its music, where the tap'ring spire
Adds a new picture to the shelter'd vale;
And Uphill rock, where sits the lonely church,
Above the sands—seems, like the chronicler
Of other times, there left, to tell the tale!

to
But issuing from the Cave—look round—behold
How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On the sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides! Along this solitary ridge,
Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campanula,
Among the thistles, and grey stones, that peep

Hill—Campanula.

Through the thin herbage—to the highest point
Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let us climb. First, look upon that flow'r—
The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone! The Pow'r,
That bade the great sea roar—that spread the Heav'ns—
That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd that flow'r,
And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill.
Imagination, in her playful mood,
Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,
And dress'd so neatly, as if ev'ry day
Were Sunday. And some melaucholy Bard
Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it:—
“ Daughter of Summer, who dost linger here,
“ Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
“ Unseen—let the majestic Dahlia
“ Glitter, an Empress, in her blazonry
“ Of beauty; let the stately Lily shine,
“ As snow-white as the breast of the proud Swan,
“ Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
“ That lifts her tall neck higher, as she views
“ The shadow in the stream! Such ladies bright
“ May reign unrivall'd, in their proud parterres!

Bleadon—Weston.

“Thou would’st not live with them; but if a voice,
“Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to thee,
“To the forsaken Primrose, thou would’st say,
“‘Come, live with me, and we two will rejoice:—
“‘Nor want I company; for when the sea
“‘Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and fays,
“‘Gentle and delicate as ARIEL,
“‘That do their spiritings on these wild holts—
“‘Circle me in their dance, and sing such songs
“‘As human ear ne’er heard!’”—But cease the strain,
Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should chide.

Behind that windmill, sailing round and round,
Like days on days revolving—BLEADON lies,*
Where first I ponder’d on dark grammar-lore—
Sad as the Spelling-Book—beneath the roof
Of its secluded Parsonage: BREAN DOWN
Emerges o’er the edge of HUTTON HILL,
Just seen in paler light!—And WESTON, there,
Where I remember a few cottages

* BLEADON Parsonage, then inhabited by the Rev. Mr. NORMAN, my first instructor. An excellent Parsonage-house has been built by the present incumbent, the Rev. D. WILLIAMS. I must be allowed to express my thanks to Mrs. WILLIAMS, Miss ROGERS, and Mrs. W. HUDDLESTON.

Steep Holms—Solitary Flower on Steep Holms, the Piony.

Sprinkling the sand, uplifts its tow'r, and shines,
As if in conscious beauty, o'er the scene.
And I have seen a far more welcome sight,
The living line of population stream—
Children, and village-maids, and grey old men—
Stream o'er the sands to CHURCH!—The hill, the shore,
And even its very light, is to my eyes
Familiar as those sister Isles, that sit
In the mid channel, calm above the tide,
As seeming each to listen to its sound;
Of different aspects:—This, abrupt and high,
And desolate, and bare and bleak, uplifts
Its dreary brow ! Dreary; but on its steep
There is one native flower—the Piony.
She sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
That may rejoice with her when spring returns,
None that, in sympathy, may bend its head,
When the bleak winds blow hollow o'er the rock,
In autumn's gloom !—So Virtue, a fair flow'r,
Blooms on the rock of care, and though unseen,
It smiles in cold seclusion, and remote
From the world's flaunting fellowship, it wears,
Like hermit Piety, that smile of peace,

Flat Holms—Three unknown Graves.

In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;
And still it feels Heav'n's breath, reviving, steal
On its lone breast—feels the warm blessedness
Of Heaven's own light about it, though its leaves
Are wet with ev'ning tears!

So smiles this flow'r :

And if, perchance, my lay has dwelt too long,
Upon one flower which blooms in privacy,
I may a pardon find from human hearts,
For SUCH WAS MY POOR MOTHER !*

Yonder Isle†

Seems not so desolate, nor frowns aloof,
As if from human kind. The Light-house there,
Through the long winter night, shows its pale fire;
And three forgotten graves mark the rude spot,
None knows of whom; but graves of men who breath'd,
And bore their part in life, and look'd to Heaven,
As man looks now:—THEY DIED AND LEFT NO NAME!

* Daughter of Dr. GREY, author of *Memoria Technica*, &c. rector of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

† Flat HOLMS.

Three unknown Graves—Sea.

Fancy might think, amid the wilderness
Of waves, they sought to hide from human eyes
All mem'ry of their fortunes ! Till the trump
Of doom, they rest unknown ! But mark that hill !
Where KEWSTOKE seems to creep into the sea,
Thy Abbey, WOODSPING, rose.* Wild is the scene,
And here three mailed murderers retir'd,
To the last point of land ! Here they retir'd,
And here they knelt upon the ground, and cried,
“ Bury us 'mid the waves, where none may know
“ The whisper'd secret of a deed of blood ! ”
No stone is o'er those graves :—the hollow tide,
As it flows by, and moans along the shore,
Seems heavily to say, “ Pray for our souls ! ”
Nor other “ MISERERE ” have they had,
At eve, nor other orison, at morn.

Thou hast put on thy mildest look to-day,
Thou mighty Element ! Solemn, and still,
And motionless, and touch'd with softer light,
And without noise, lies all thy long expanse.
Thou seemest now as calm, as if a child
Might dally with thy playfulness, and stand—

* The Abbey was built by the descendants of BECKET's murderers.

Sea, treacherous in its tranquillity—Mr. Elton's Children.

The weak winds lifting gently its light hair—
Upon thy margin, watching one by one
The long waves, breaking slow, with such a sound
As Silence, in her dreamy mood, might love,
When she more softly breath'd, fearing a breath
Might mar thy placidness!—

Oh! TREACHERY!—

So still, and like a giant in his strength
Reposing, didst thou seem, when the fond Sire
One moment look'd, and saw his blithsome Boys,
Gay, on the sands—one moment,—and the next,
Heart-stricken and bereft, by the same surge,
Stood in his desolation,—for he look'd,
And thought how he had bless'd them in their sleep,
And, the next moment, they were borne away,
Snatch'd by the circling wave, and seen no more,
While morning shone, and not a ripple told
How terrible and dark a deed was done!*

And so the seas were hush'd, and not a cloud
Marr'd the pale moonlight, save that, here and there,

* This most afflicting accident occurred at WESTON to the children of CHARLES ELTON, Esq; who has most pathetically recorded it.

Packet-Boat sunk.

Wand'ring far off, some feathery shreds were seen,
As the sole orb, above the light-house, held
Its course in loveliness; and not a sound
Came from the distant deep, save that, at times,
Amid the noise of human merriment,
The ear might seem to catch a low faint moan,
A boding sound, as of a dying dirge,
From the sunk rocks,* while all was still beside,
And every star seem'd list'ning in its watch,—
When the gay packet-bark, to Erin bound,
Resounding with the laugh and song, went on!
LOOK! SHE IS GONE! Oh! GOD, she is gone down, *21*
With her light-hearted company—gone down—
And all at once is still, save, on the mast,
Just peering o'er the waters, the wild shrieks
Of THREE, at times, are heard! They, when the dead—
With whom they left the land, in hope and joy—
Were round them, floating on the moon-light wave,
Kept there their dismal watch till morning dawn'd,
And to the living world again restor'd!

* Called "the WOLVES," from their peculiar sound.

First Sound of the Sea.

II.

*REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS STATE
OF PARISHES, PAST AND PRESENT.*

A show'r, even while we gaze, steals o'er the scene,
Shrouding it, and the sea-view is shut out,
Save where, beyond the HOLMS, one thread of light
Hangs, and a pale and sunny stream shoots on,
O'er the dim vapours, faint and far away,
Like Hope's still light beyond the storms of Time.
Come, let us rest awhile in this rude seat.—

I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the great Sea!—'Twas night, and journeying far,
We were belated on our road, 'mid scenes
New and unknown,—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer:—
My father came, the Pastor of the Church*

* UPHILL.

First Sound of the Sea.

That crowns the high-hill crest, above the sea;
When, as the wheels went slow, and the still night
Seem'd listening, a low murmur met the ear,
Not of the winds:—"Listen ! IT IS THE SEA!"
My Mother softly said ! With breathless awe,
I heard the sound, and closer press'd her hand.

2. Much of the sea, in infant wonderment,
I oft had heard, and of the shipwreck'd man,
Who sees, in some lone isle, day after day,
The sun sink, o'er the wilderness of waves,
Like CRUSOE; and the tears would start afresh,
Whene'er my Mother kiss'd my cheek, and told
The story of that desolate wild man,
And how the speaking bird,* when he return'd
After long absence to his cave forlorn,
Said, as in tones of human sympathy,
"POOR ROBIN CRUSOE!"

Thoughts like these arose,
When first I heard, at night, the distant sound,
Great Ocean, "of thy everlasting voice !"†
Where the white Parsonage, among the trees,

* His Parrot.

† SOUTHEY.

First Sight of the Sea.

Peep'd out,—that night I restless pass'd. “THE SEA!”
Fill'd all my thoughts; and when slow morning came,
And the first sunbeam streak'd the window-pane,
I rose unnoticed, and with stealthy pace—
Straggling along the village-green,—explor'd
Alone my fearful but adventurous way;
When, having turn'd the hedge-row, I beheld,
For the first time, thy glorious element,
Old Ocean, glittering to the beams of morn,
Stretching far off, and, westward, without bound,
Amid thy sole dominion, rocking loud!
Shivering I stood, and tearful; and ev'n now—
When gathering years have mark'd my look—even now—
I feel the deep impression of that hour,
As but of yesterday!

SPIRIT OF TIME,

A moment pause, and I will speak to thee!
Dark clouds are round thee; but lo! Memory waves
Her wand,—the clouds disperse, as the grey rack
Disperses while we gaze, and light steals out,
While the gaunt phantom almost seems to drop,
His scythe!—

Mother—Children.

Now shadows of the past, distinct,
Are thronging round; the voices of the dead
Are heard; and, lo! the very smoke goes up
From yonder modest mansion on the green,
Whose gravel-walk leads to the door. Now—pause—
Enter that small blue parlour.* there sits one—
A Female—and a child is in her arms,
And one leans on her side, intent to show
A pictur'd book, and looks upon her face,
And two are at her feet, while this,† apart,
Sighs o'er his solemn task—the SPELLING-BOOK,
Half moody, half in tears. Some lines of thought
Are on that matron's brow; yet placidness,
Such as resign'd religion gives, is there,
Mingled with sadness; for who can behold,
Without a stealing sigh, a progeny
Of infants clustering round maternal knees,
Without some boding fears how they may fare
In the wide world, when they who lov'd them most,
Are mould'ring in their graves.

Nay ! pass not on,
Till thou hast mark'd a book—the page turn'd down—

* I saw the identical room this summer.

† The Author.

Uphill Parsonage—Father.

“NIGHT THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY!”

This book, my Mother, in the weary hours
Of life—in every care, in every joy—
Was thy companion: next to GOD’S OWN WORD,
The book that bears THIS NAME,* thou didst revere,
Leaving a stain of tears upon the page,
Whose sentiments, with more emphatic truth,
Touch’d thine own heart!—

THAT HEART HAS LONG BEEN STILL!

But who is he, of aspect more severe,—
Yet with a manly kindness in his mien,—
He who o’erlooks yon sturdy labourer
Delving the glebe?—MY FATHER AS HE LIV’D!—
That Father, and that Mother,—“earth to earth,
“And dust to dust,”—the inevitable doom
Hath long consign’d! HE, a few years remains,
Whose future fate they ponder’d, with a sigh.

Long, nor unprosperous, has been his way
Through life’s tumultuous scenes, who, when a child,
Play’d in that garden platform in the sun;
Or loiter’d o’er the common, and pursued

* YOUNG’S “Night Thoughts.”

Wells Clock—Clock Figure.

The colts among the sand-hills; or, intent
 On hardier enterprize, his pumpkin-ship,
 New rigg'd, and buoyant, with its tiny sail,
 Launch'd on the garden pond; or, stretch'd his hand—
 At once, forgetting all this glorious toil—
 When the bright butterfly came wandering by.
 But never will that day pass from his mind,
 When, scarcely breathing for delight—at WELLS,
 He saw the Horsemen of the CLOCK* ride round,
 As if for life; and ancient BLANDIBEG,†
 Seated aloft, like Hermes, in his chair,
 Complacent as when first he took his seat
 Some hundred years ago—saw him up-raise—
 As if old Time was cow'ring at his feet—
 His mace, solemn and slow, and strike the bell,
 (Himself for ever silent in his seat,)

~~"Hark! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!"~~

How little thought I *then*, the hour would come,
 When the lov'd Prelate of the beauteous fane,
 At whose command I sketch, might placidly

* Clock in the Cathedral.

† Clock-Image, seated aloft in a chair, and striking the hours.

 Contrast of Village Manners.

Smile on this picture, in my future verse,
 When BLANDIBEG had struck so many hours
 For me, his poet, in the vale of years,
 Himself unchang'd and solemn as of yore !

Blandibeg

My Father, as the pastor, was a friend
 Of all, who living then—the brief scene clos'd—
 Now silent in that rocky church-yard sleep,
 Familiar to his smile!—A village then
 Was not as villages are now. The hind,
 Who delv'd, or “jocund drove his team afield,”
 Had then an independency of look,
 And heart; and, plodding in his lowly path,
 Disdain'd a parish dole, content, though poor.*
 He was the village monitor: he taught
 His children to be good—and read their book,
 And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
 To-morrow, with the bee, to work.

So pass'd

His days of cheerful, independent, toil!

* See some excellent observations, most feelingly and eloquently expressed, in the Bishop's Charge, the whole of which is well worthy the perusal of the Statesman, as well as the Christian.

Village Maid.

And when the Pastor came that way—at eve,
He had a ready present for the child,
Who read his book the best;—and that poor child
Remember'd it, when treading the same path
In which his father trod, he so grew up
Contented, till old Time had blanch'd his locks,
And he was borne—by villagers—to sleep
In the same church-yard where his father slept!
His daughter walk'd as pure and innocent,
As lovely, in her lowly path:—She turn'd
The hour-glass, as the humming wheel went round,
Or went “a-Maying,” o'er the fields, in spring,
Leading her little brother, by the hand,
Along the village-lane, and o'er the stile,
To gather cowslips; and then, home again
To turn her wheel, contented, through the day,
Or singing low, with twinkling fingers twirl
The dancing bobbins, to “sweet William's grave!”*
No lure could tempt her from her humble home
Where she grew up, and folded first her hands
In infant pray'r. Yet oft a tear would steal
Down her young cheek, to think how desolate

* Old ballad.

Rural Nymph before the Justices.

That home would be when her poor mother died—
Still praying that she ne'er might cause a pain,
Undutiful, to "bring down her grey hairs,
"With sorrow, to the grave!"

Now mark this scene!—

The fuming factory's polluted air
Has stain'd the country! See that rural nymph,
An infant in her arms! She claims the dole
From the cold parish, that her faithless swain
Denies: he stands aloof, with clownish leer,—
The constable, behind, with frowning brow,
Beckons the nimble clerk,—the Justice, grave,
Turns from his book a moment, with a smile,
And signs th' accustom'd warrant for her pay,
A weekly eighteen-pence,—she, unabash'd,
Slides from the room, and not a transient blush,
Far less th' accusing tear, is on her cheek!

A different scene comes next:—That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful;
A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought!

 State of Agricultural Districts.

'Tis the same story—COLIN was untrue !—

He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.

Pity her—she has not a friend on earth,

And that still tear speaks to all human hearts,

But his, whose cruelty and treachery

Caus'd it to flow !! So crime still follows crime—

Ask we the causes?—WATER, AIR, and SMOKE,*

Spread out their giant-arms o'er all the land !

The wheel is silent in the vale ! Old age,

And youth, are levell'd by one parish law !

Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,

Associate with the rude and ribald clown,

Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth ?

To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.

Parental love is smitten to the dust—

Over a little smoke the aged Sire

Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth

Is cheerless as his heart :—but Piety

Points to the BIBLE ! Shut the book again :

The Ranter is the roving Gospel now,

And each his own Apostle ! Shut the book,—

* *Machinery—Steam-Engines, &c.* No thinking man will deny the necessity, politically considered, of these great means of national wealth, though the effect may be felt among the pauper agricultural labourers.

Cause of Crimes—Workhouse Girl.

A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light,
And choke its utt'rance; while a Babel-rout
Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
Have drown'd "THE SMALL STILL VOICE," till Piety,
Sick of the din, retires to pray alone.

But though abus'd Religion, and the dole
Of pauper-pay, and vomitaries huge,
Of smoke, are each a STEAM-ENGINE OF CRIME,
Polluting, far and wide, the wholesome air,
And with'ring Life's green verdure underneath,
Full many a poor and lowly flow'r of want
Has Education nurs'd, like a pure rill,
Winding through desert glens, and bade it live
To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets.
There was a village girl—I knew her well,
From five years old and upwards—all her friends
Were dead, and she was to the workhouse left,
And there a witness to such sounds profane
As might turn virtue pale! When Sunday came,
Assembled with the children of the poor,
Upon the lawn of my own parsonage,
She stood among them, taught to spell and read
In companies, and groups, upon the green,

Workhouse Girl.

Each with her little book ; and never yet
The Sun beheld such lighted eyes,—a form
More graceful, or a look more beautiful !
Instructed thus, she went a serving-maid,
And in a neighbouring town,—ah ! who shall guide
A friendless maid, so beautiful and young,
From life's contagions ? But she had been taught
The duties of her humble lot—to kneel
To God and serve him—that a Father's eye
Was over rich and poor:—she had been taught
These truths, without a word of the vile cant
Of loathsome tracts—she never left the Church,
And God's plain holy Word—on Sunday night
She read her Bible, turning still away
From those, who flock'd, inflaming and inflam'd,
To nightly meetings ; but she never clos'd
Her eyes, or rais'd them to the light of morn,
Without rememb'ring Him, who made the sun,
In Heav'n, to shine upon the rich and poor !
No art, no bribe, could lure her steps astray
From the plain path, and lessons she had learnt,
A village child ! She is a mother now,
And lives to prove the blessings and the fruits
Of moral duty, on the poorest child,

 Manufactory Ranters.

When Duty, and when sober Piety,
Impressing the young heart, go hand in hand.*

No villager was then a disputant,
In Calvinistic and contentious creeds;
No pale mechanic, from a neighbouring sink
Of steam, and rank debauchery, and smoke,
Crawl'd forth upon a Sunday-morn—with looks
Sadd'ning the very sunshine—to instruct
The parish poor in Evangelic lore:—
To teach them to cast off—"as filthy rags"—
"GOOD WORKS!" and listen to such ministers,
Who all (besure) "are worthy of their hire,"
"Who only preach for good of their poor souls,
"That they may turn 'from darkness unto light,'
"And—above all—fly, as the gates of Hell,
"MORALITY !|| and BAAL's steeple house,
"Where, without 'heart-work,' Doctor Littlegrace,
"Drones his long requiem to the snoring clerk!"†

* This exemplary young woman lives at Pickwick, in the parish of Corsham, married to a respectable carpenter. She was the first of Mrs. BOWLES's scholars.

|| See "Pilgrim's Progress."

† See ROWLAND HILL's infamous caricatures, called Village Dialogues!

Prosing Parson—Prig Parson.

2 True: he who drawls his heartless homily
For one day's work, and plods, on wading stilts,
Through prosing paragraphs, with "Inference,"
Methodically dull, as orthodox,
Enforcing sagely, that "we all must die
"When God shall call"—Oh! what a pulpit-drone
Is he?—The blue-fly might as well preach "hum,"
And "so conclude!"

But save me from the sight
Of Curate-fop, half jockey and half clerk,
The tandem-driving Tommy of a town,
Disdaining books, omniscient of a horse,
Impatient till September comes again,
Eloquent only of "the pretty girl
"With whom he danc'd last night!" Oh! such a thing
Is worse than the dull doctor, who performs
Duly his stinted task, and then to sleep,
Till Sunday asks another Homily,
Against all innovations of the age—
Mad Missionary zeal, and Bible-Clubs,
And CALVINISTS and EVANGELICALS!

Yes! Evangelicals! Oh glorious word!
But who deserves that awful name? Not he,

 Calvinistic Commentators, &c.

Who spits his puny Puritanic spite
 On harmless recreation : who reviles
 All who, majestic in their distant scorn,
 Bear on, in silence, their calm Christian course.*
 He only is the EVANGELICAL,
 Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
 The Shibboleth of saintly Magazines,
 Deck'd with most grim and godly visages ;
 The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
 Of Commentators, who, with loathsome track,
 Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page,
 Beaming with heavenly love and GOD's own light,
 Sit, like a night-mare !† Soon a deadly mist
 Creeps o'er our eyes and heart, till angel-forms
 Turn into hideous phantoms, mocking us,

* SOLOMON is at least as wise as OLD PRYNNE and *hoc genus omne* ;
 and SOLOMON says, "there is a *time* to dance," though OLD PRYNNE
 declares, that every step in a dance is a STEP to Hell ! In fact, to make
 innocent things, or those which are only vicious in their abuse, criminal,
 is the surest way to make *crimes* innocent.

† The text, which no Christian can misunderstand, "GOD is *not*
 "willing," is turned, by elaborate Jesuistical sophistry, to "GOD is
 "WILLING," by one "Master in Israel." So that, in fact, the Almighty
 saying "NO," when he should have said "YES," did not know what he
 meant, till such a *sophistical* blasphemer set him right ! To such length
 does an adherence to preconceived Calvinism lead the mind.

Anti-moral Preaching.

E'en when we look for comfort at the spring
And well of life, while dismal voices cry,
"DEATH !—REPROBATION! WOE ! ETERNAL WOE !"

He only is the EVANGELICAL,
Who from the human commentary turns
With tranquil scorn, and nearer to his heart
Presses the BIBLE, till repentant tears,
In silence, wet his cheek,—and new-born FAITH,
And HOPE, and CHARITY with radiant smile,
Visit his heart,—all pointing to the CROSS.

He only is the EVANGELICAL,
Who, looking on that awful spectacle,
"CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED," with ardent hope,
And holier feelings, lifts his eyes to Heaven,
And cries, "MY FATHER !" He whose heart is fix'd
Upon GOD'S WORD ; who preaches "FAITH," and
"HOPE,"
And "CHARITY,"—"THESE THREE," and not "THAT
ONE!"—
And "CHARITY," the GREATEST of "THESE THREE!"*

* "And now remaineth Faith, Hope, and Charity—THESE THREE ;
"but the GREATEST of these is CHARITY."—*St. Paul.*

Anti-moral Preaching.

In the black catalogue of crimes, with those
Who oft assume that awful name,—the crimes
That “shake the Earth from its propriety”
Are MORAL VIRTUES!—Spare the PRODIGAL,—
He may awake when GOD shall “CALL,” but strike—
Strike, preacher, as with lightning from above,
THE SON, who never left his father’s house,—
Lest he should trust to MORALS, when he dies!
Let him not lay the unction to his soul,
That his upbraiding conscience tells no tale
At that dread hour—bid him confess his sin,
The greatest that, with humble hope, he looks
Back on a well-spent life! Bid him confess
He was the veriest monster of mankind;
That his foul heart was black, e’en to the core,
But CHRIST hath clean’d it with a sudden call;
And chiefly, let him stand, puff’d up, in faith,
For sure he never sought to SAVE HIS SOUL
By—“FILTHY WORKS!”*—

Let tabernacles ring,
And churches too, with sanctimonious strains
Baneful as these; and let such strains be heard

* This is, alas, no caricature.

to me
How dear the cold soul of Task, &
That ever he gains his eyes before
the day in the year at the hour,
34 DAYS DEPARTED; OR,

Unaffected Piety.

Through half the land; and can we shut our eyes,
And sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes,
When Infidelity stands low'ring here,
With open scorn, and such a code as this,
So baneful, withers half the charities
Of human hearts?—

Oh! I am a man's voice
None loves the Gospel more,—
2. man, a man in the world of Death,
The message brought by mercy to mankind
~~Fall'n~~ lost,—the message of redeeming love;
~~None more~~ disdains the long, cold homily,
~~Dron'd~~ over sleeping pews: But he who tears,
FAITH from her Heav'nly sisterhood, denies
The Gospel, and turns traitor to the cause
He has engag'd to plead. ~~None ever priz'd~~ *how dear to him*

of the true gospel, who said death is real
The consolations, and the glorious hopes,
of man's sorrow, in the cold void world
And purest spirit of that Gospel, ~~more!~~
But save, oh! save me from the tract-mad Miss,
Who trots to every Bible-club, and prates
Of this awakening Minister, and that,
Whom she ^{sits} "eat under!"

Piety is still,
other birds
And meek, and ~~unintrusive~~. Yet the Priest,
silent:

 Crimes pass'd over by Anti-moral Preachers.

~~Who~~ ^{See} ~~thinks~~ the ALMIGHTY frowns upon his Throne,
 Because two pair of harmless Dowagers,
 Whose life has pass'd without a stain, beguile
 A quiet hour with cards;—who deems that Hell
 Burns fiercer for a Saraband;—that THOU—
 THOU, my sweet SHAKESPEARE—THOU, whose touch
 awakes

The inmost heart of virtuous Sympathy;—
 THOU, oh! divinest poet, at whose voice
 Sad Pity weeps, or guilty Terror drops
 The blood-stain'd dagger from his palsied hand,—
 That Thou art pander to the *criminal*!—
 The sullen Puritan, who preaches this,
 Moves—more than ev'n the Bible-trotting Miss—
 My pity, my aversion, and my scorn.

“CRY ALOUD!”—speak in thunder to the soul
 That sleeps in sin! Harrow the inmost heart
 Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand
 Upon his haggard brow! Call Conscience up,
 Like a stern spectre, whose dim finger points
 To dark misdeeds of yore! Wither the arm
 Of the oppressor, at whose feet the slave
 Crouches, and pleading lifts his fetter'd hands!

Bible, without note or comment.

Thou violator of the innocent
Hide thee! Hence! hide thee in the deepest cave,
From man's indignant sight! Thou HYPOCRITE,
Trample in dust thy mask, nor cry—"Faith—Faith,"
Making it but a hollow tinkling sound,
That stirs not the foul heart! Horrible wretch,
Look not upon the face of that sweet child,
With thoughts which Hell would tremble to conceive! *
Oh shallow, and oh senseless!—in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale—
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wide world
Groans with the burden of deep sin; when crimes
Stalk on, with front defying, o'er the land,
Whilst, her own cause betraying, Christian zeal
Thus "SWALLOWS CAMELS, STRAINING AT A GNAT!!"

Therefore, without a comment, or a note,
We love THE BIBLE, and we prize the more
The spirit of its pure unspotted page,
As pure from the infectious breath, that stains,

* Every assize produces horrible cases of this kind, chiefly from a particular class of religionists.

Bible, without note or comment.

Like a foul fume, its hallow'd light, we hail
 The radiant car of Heav'n, amidst the clouds
 Of mortal darkness, and of human mist,
 Sole, as the Sun in Heav'n!

Oh! whilst the car
 Of God's own glory rolls along in light,
 We join the loud song of the Christian host,
 (All puny systems shrinking from the blaze,)
 "HOSANNAH, TO THE CAR OF LIGHT! Roll on!
 "SALDANNA'S* rocks have echo'd to the hymns
 "Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity! Roll on!
 "Till the wild wastes of inmost Africa,
 "Where the long Niger's track is lost, respond,
 "'HOSANNAH, TO THE CAR OF LIGHT!' Roll on!—
 "From realm to realm, from shore to farthest shore,
 "O'er dark Pagodas, and huge Idol-Fanes,
 "That frown along the Ganges' farthest stream,
 "Till the poor widow, from the burning pile
 "Starting, shall lift her hands to Heav'n, and weep
 "That she has found a SAVIOUR, and has heard

* I forget in what book of travels I read an account of a poor Hot-tentot, who being brought here, cloathed, and taught our language, after a year or two was seen, every day till he died, on some bridge, muttering to himself, "Hôme go, Saldanna."

English Jaggernaut.

“The sounds of Christian love!!”—Oh! horrible,
The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there,
That held her down when the last struggle shook
The blazing pile!* HASTEN, oh! CAR OF LIGHT!
Alas! for suff’ring nature! JAGGERNAUT,
Arm’d, in his giant car, goes also forth—
Goes forth, amid his red and reeling priests,
While thousands gasp and die beneath the wheels,
As they go groaning on, ’mid cries, and drums,
And flashing cymbals, and delirious songs
Of tinkling dancing girls, and all the rout
Of frantic Superstition! Turn away!
And is not JAGGERNAUT himself with us,—
Not only cold insidious sophistry,
Comes, blinking with its taper-fume, to light,
If so he may, the Sun in the mid Heav’n!
Not only blind and hideous blasphemy
Scowls in his cloak, and mocks the glorious orb,
Ascending, in its silence, o’er a world
Of sin and sorrow,—but a hellish brood
Of imps, and fiends, and phantoms, ape the form
Of Godliness, till Godliness itself

* See Bishop HEBER’S most interesting Journal, who mentions this circumstance. Yet the Shaster, or the Holy Book of the Hindoos, says, “No one shall be burned, unless willingly!”—See Notes.

 Village-School Children of Castle-Combe.

Seems but a painted monster, and a name
 For darker crimes, at which the shudd'ring heart
 Shrinks, while the ranting-rout, as they march on,
 Mock Heav'n, with hymns, till, see—pale BELIAL*
 Sighs o'er a filthy tract, and MOLOCH marks
 With gouts of blood—his brandish'd Magazine!

Start, monster, from the dismal dream! Look up!
 Oh! listen to the Apostolic voice,
 That, like a voice from Heav'n, proclaims, "TO FAITH
 "ADD VIRTUE!" there is no mistaking here;
 Thus moral Education, by the hand,
 Shall lead the children to the House of God—
 Nor sever Christian Faith from Christian Love.

If we would see the fruits of charity,
 Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
 Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
 Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
 A rural mansion, on the level lawn,

* See some late cases of *pious* adultery and *murder*! None can *know*, none can *believe* these things, unless he has examined the black calendar of crimes at the assizes, and inquires by what description of people the most horrible are too often committed.

Village-School Children of Castle-Combe.

Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees
In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tow'r, appears; while to the right
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said ;
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In pray'r, and to "remember, in their youth,"
God, "their Creator,"—mistress of the scene,
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And we too bless them. Oh! away, away!
Cant—heartless Cant, and that Œconomy,
Cold, and mis-call'd "Political!" away!
Let THE BELLS RING—a Puritan turns pale
To hear the cheerful sound: let THE BELLS RING—
A CHRISTIAN loves them; and this holiday
Remembers him, while sighs unbidden steal,

Annual Meeting on the Lawn, at Castle-Combe, of 140 Children—Old Nurse.

Of life's departing, and departed, days,
When he himself was young, and heard the bells,
In unison with feelings of his heart—
His first, pure, Christian feelings, hallowing
The harmonious sound!—

And, children, now rejoice,—
Now—for the holidays of life are few;
Nor let the rustic minstrel tune, in vain,
The crack'd church-viol, resonant, to-day,
Of mirth, though humble! Let the fiddle scrape
Its merriment, and let the joyous group
Dance, in a round, for soon the ills of life
Will come! Enough, if one day in the year,
If one brief day, of this brief life, be giv'n
To mirth as innocent as yours! But lo!
That ancient woman, leaning on her staff.
Pale, on her crutch she rests one wither'd hand—
One wither'd hand, which GERARD Dow might paint,
Ev'n its blue veins! And who is she? The NURSE
Of the fair mistress of the scene: she led
Her tottering steps in infancy,—she spelt
The earliest lesson to her; and she now
Leans from that open window, while she thinks,

 Benevolence of English Landlords.

" When Summer comes again, the turf will lie
 " On my cold breast,—but I rejoice to see
 " My child, thus leading on the progeny
 " Of her poor neighbours, in the peaceful path
 " Of humble virtue! I shall be at rest,
 " Perhaps, when next they meet; but my last pray'r
 " Is with them, and the mistress of this home.
 " 'The innocent are gay,'* gay as the lark
 " That sings in morn's first sunshine; and why not?
 " But may they ne'er forget, as life steals on,
 " In age, the lessons they have learnt in youth!"

How false the charge, how foul the calumny,
 On England's generous Aristocracy,
 That, wrapt in sordid, selfish apathy,
 They feel not for the poor!—

But is it true?—

LORD of the whirling wheels, the charge is false!†—

* COWPER.

† The English Landlord has been held up to obloquy, as endeavouring to keep up the price of corn, for his own sordid interest; but rent never *leads*, it only *follows*, and the utmost a landlord can get for his capital is *three* per cent. whereas the lord of whirling wheels gains thirty per cent.—*See Letters, by the Author, in Bath Chronicle, signed Agricola.*

Benevolence of English Landlords.

Ten thousand charities adorn the land,
Beyond thy cold conception, from this source.
What cottage child but has been neatly clad,
And taught its earliest lesson, from their care ?
Witness that school-house, mantled with festoon
Of various plants, which fancifully wreath
Its window-mullions, and that rustic porch,
Whence the low hum of infant voices blend
With airs of spring, without. Now, all alive,
The green sward rings with play, among the shrubs—
Hush'd the long murmur of the morning task,
Before the pensive matron's desk!

But turn,
And mark that aged widow! By her side
Is God's own Word; and lo! the spectacles
Are yet upon the page. Her daughter kneels
And prays beside her! Many years have shed
Their snow so silently, and softly, down
Upon her head, that Time, as if to gaze,
Seems for a moment to suspend his flight
Onward, in rev'rence to those few grey hairs,
That steal beneath her cap, white as that snow.
Whilst the expiring lamp is kept alive,
Thus feebly, by a duteous daughter's love,

Stourhead.

Her last faint pray'r, ere all is dark on earth,
Will to the God of Heav'n ascend, for those
Whose comforts smooth'd her silent bed.

And Thou,

Witness, Elysian Tempe of STOURHEAD !
Oh ! not because, with bland and gentle smile,
Adding a radiance to the look of age,
Like eve's still light—thy liberal master spreads
His letter'd treasures ;—*not*, because his search
Has div'd the Druid mound, illustrating
His county's annals, and the monuments
Of darkest ages ;—*not* because his woods
Wave o'er the dripping cavern of OLD STOUR,
Where classic temples gleam along the edge
Of the clear waters, winding beautiful ;—
Oh ! not because the works of breathing art,
Of Poussin, Rubens, Rembrant, Gainsborough,
Start, like creations, from the silent walls—
To thee, this tribute of respect and love,
Belov'd, benevolent, and gen'rous HOARE,
Grateful I pay ;—but that, when thou art dead,
(Late may it be !) the poor man's tear will fall,
And his voice falter, when he speaks of thee.*

* These lines were written at Stourhead.

Ken at Longleat—Marston House.

And witness thou, magnificent abode,
Where virtuous KEN,* with his grey hairs and shroud,
Came, for a shelter from the world's rude storm,
In his old age, leaving his palace-throne,
Having no spot where he might lay his head,
In all the earth!—Oh! witness THOU, the seat
Of his first friend—his friend from school-boy days!—
Oh! witness thou, if one who wanted bread
Has not found shelter there; if one poor man
Has been deserted in his hour of need;
Or one poor child been left without a guide,
A father, and instructor, and a friend,
In Him, the pastor, and distributor†
Of bounties large, yet falling silently
As dews on the cold turf! And witness, thou,
MARSTON, the seat of my kind, honour'd friend—
My kind and honour'd friend, from youthful days.
Then wand'ring on the banks of Rhine, we saw
Cities and spires, beneath the mountains blue,
Gleaming; or vineyards creep from rock to rock;

* Bishop of Bath and Wells. Lord WEYMOUTH and KEN were schoolfellows at Winchester, where, in my time, KEN's Manual of Hymns was the first book put into the hands of the children.

† Rev. Mr. SKURRAY, author of "Bidcombe Hill."

Early Travels in Switzerland.

Or unknown castles hang, as if in clouds ;
Or heard the roaring of the cataract,
Far off, † beneath the dark defile or gloom
Of ancient forests—till behold, in light,
Foaming and flashing, with enormous sweep,
Through the rent rocks—where, o'er the mist of spray,
The rainbow, like a fairy in her bow'r,
Is sleeping while it roars—that volume vast,
White, and with thunder's deaf'ning roar, comes down.

Live long, live happy, till thy journey close,
Calm, as the light of day ! But, witness, THOU,
The seat of noble ancestry—the seat
Of science, honour'd by the name of BOYLE,
Though many sorrows, since we met in youth,
Have press'd thy gen'rous master's manly heart,
Witness, the partner of his joys and griefs;
Witness, the grateful tenantry—the home
Of the poor man, the children of that school,
Still warm benevolence sits smiling there.*

† At Shaffhausen.

* Let it not be said, I have praised Lords and Ladies. I have spoken as warmly of a poor parish girl, and my first play-fellow, a hair-dresser of Wells.

Compton-House.

And witness, the fair mansion, on the edge
Of those chalk hills, which, from my garden walk,
Daily I see, whose gentle mistress droops
With her own griefs, yet never turn'd her look
From other's sorrows,—on whose lids the tear
Shines yet more lovely than the light of youth !
And many a cottage-garden smiles, whose flow'rs
Invite the music of the morning bee !
And many' a fire-side has shot out, at eve,
Its light upon the old man's wither'd hand,
And pallid cheek, from *their* benevolence—
Sad as is still the parish-pauper's home—
Who shed around their patrimonial seats
The light of Heav'n-descending charity !
And ev'ry feeling of the Christian heart
Would rise accusing, could I pass, unsung,
Thee,* fair as Charity's own form, who late
Didst stand, beneath the porch of that grey Fane,
Soliciting† a mite of all who pass'd,
With such a smile, as to refuse would seem
To do a wrong to Charity herself.

* MRS. METHUEN, of Corsham House.

† For the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," on which occasion a Sermon was preached by the Author.

Clergyman's Wife—Village Clergyman.

How many blessings, silent and unheard,
The mistress of the lonely parsonage
Dispenses, when she takes her daily round
Among the aged and the sick, whose prayers
And blessings, are her only recompense.
How many pastors—by cold obloquy
And senseless hate revil'd—tread the same path
Of charity, in silence, taught by Him,
Who was revil'd, not to revile again,
And leaving to a righteous God their cause.

Come, let us, with the pencil in our hand,
Pourtray a character. What book is this?
“RECTOR OF OVERTON!”† I know him not;
But well I know the Vicar,|| and a man
More worthy of that name, and worthier still,
To grace a higher station of our Church,
None knows;—a friend and father to the poor,
A scholar, unobtrusive, yet profound,
“As e'er my conversation cop'd withal;”
His piety unvarnish'd, but sincere.

† A book, just published, with this title. The DUKE of MARLBOROUGH is Rector of Overton, near Marlborough.

|| REV. CHARLES HOYLE, Vicar of Overton, near Marlborough.

Village Clergyman.

Killarney's Lake,* and Scotia's hills,† have heard
 His summer-wand'ring reed; nor on the themes
 Of hallow'd inspiration,‡ has his harp
 Been silent, though ten thousand jangling strings—
 When all are poets in this land of song,
 And ev'ry field chinks with its grasshopper—
 Have well-nigh drown'd the tones; but Poesy
 Mingles, at eventide, with many a mood
 Of stirring fancy, on his silent heart,
 When o'er those bleak and barren downs, in rain
 Or sunshine, where the giant Wansdike sweeps,
 Homewards he bends his solitary way.

Live long!—and late may the old villager
 Look on thy stone, amid the church-yard grass,
 Remembering years of kindness, and the tongue,
 Eloquent of his Maker, when he sat
 At Church, and heard the undivided code
 Of Apostolic truth—of Hope, of Faith,
 Of Charity—THE END and TEST of all.

Live long; and though I proudly might recal
 The names of many friends—like thee, sincere,

* Killarney, a poem.

† Sonnets.

‡ Exodus, a poem.

Solitary Sea—Ship.

III.

*WALK ABROAD—VIEWS AROUND, FROM THE SEVERN
TO BRISTOL—WRINGTON—"AULD ROBIN GRAY."*

The show'r is pass'd—the heath-bell,* at our feet,
Looks up, as with a smile, though the cold dew
Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eyelids of a village-child!
Mark! where a beam upon those western waves
Falls—as the passing show'r above our head
Sheds its last silent drops, amid the light
Of the fast-fading rainbow,—such is life!—
Let us go forth—the redbreast is abroad,
And dripping in the sunshine, sings again.

No object on the wider sea-line meets
The straining vision, but one distant ship,
Hanging, as motionless and still, far off,
In the pale haze, between the sea and sky.

* Campanula.

Solitary Sea—Ship.

She seems the ship—the very ship I saw
In infancy, and in that very place,
Whilst I, and all around me, have grown old
Since she was first descried; and there she sits,
A solitary thing of the wide main—
As she sat years ago. Yet she moves on:—
To-morrow all may be one space of waves!
Where is she bound? We know not; and no voice
Will tell us where. Perhaps she beats her way
Slow up the Channel, after many years,
Returning from some distant clime, or lands,
Beyond the Atlantic! Oh! what anxious eyes
Count every nearer surge that heaves around!
How many anxious hearts this moment beat
With thronging thoughts of home, till the fix'd eyes,
Intensely fix'd upon these very hills,
Are fill'd with tears!—Perhaps she wanders on—
On—on—into the world of the vast sea,
There to be lost: never, with homeward sails,
Destin'd to greet these rising hills again,
Now fading into mist! So let her speed,
And we will pray she may return in joy,
When every storm is pass'd! Such is this sea,
That shows one wand'ring ship!—How different smile

Sea-scenes of Southampton contrasted.

The sea-scenes of the South; and chiefly thine,
Waters of loveliest HAMPTON, chiefly thine—
Where I have pass'd the happiest hours of youth—
Waters of loveliest HAMPTON! Thy grey walls,
And loop-hole'd battlements, cast the same shade
Upon the light blue wave, as when of yore,
Beneath their arch, King CANUTE sat,* and chid
The tide, that came regardless to his feet,
A thousand years ago:—Oh! how unlike
Yon solitary sea, the Summer shines,
There, while a crowd of glancing vessels glide,
Fill'd with the young and gay, and pennants wave,
And sails, at distance, beautifully swell
To the light breeze, or pass, like butterflies,
Amid the smoking steamers. And, oh! look—
Look! what a fairy lady is that yacht
That turns the wooded point, and silently
Streams up the sylvan ITCHIN—silently—
And yet as if she said, as she went on,
“Who does not gaze at me!”

Yon winding sands
Were solitary once, as the wide sea.

* Alluding to the well-known Story.

Solitary Sand—Young Lady.

Such I remember them ! No sound was heard,
Save of the seagull warping on the wind,
Or of the surge that broke along the shore,
Sad as the seas ; and can I e'er forget,
When, once—a visiter from Oxenford,
Proud of Wintonian scholarship, a youth,
Silent, but yet light-hearted, deeming here,
I could have no companion, fit for Him—
So whisper'd youthful vanity—for Him,
Whom Oxford* had distinguish'd—can my heart
Forget when once, with thoughts like these, at morn,
I wander'd forth alone ! The first ray shone
On the white seagull's wing, and gazing round,
I listen'd to the tide's advancing roar,
When, for the old and booted fisherman,
Who silent dredg'd for shrimps, in the cold haze
Of sun-rise, I beheld—or was it not
A momentary vision ?—a fair form—
A female, following, with light airy step,
The wave as it retreated, and again
Tripping before it, till it touch'd her foot,
As if in play—and she stood beautiful,
Like to a fairy sea-maid of the deep,

* Having gained the University Prize the first year.

Solitary Sand—Severn.

Graceful, and young, and on the sands alone.
I look'd that she would vanish!—She had left,
Like me, just left th' abode of discipline,
And came, in the gay fulness of her heart,
When the pale light first glanc'd along the wave,
To play with the wild ocean, like a child;
And at that moment, though I knew her not,
My bonnet I had vail'd, and vow'd—oh, hear!
Ye votaries of German sentiment—
Vow'd an ETERNAL LOVE; but, diffident,
I cast a parting look, that seem'd to say,
“Shall we ne'er meet again?” The vision smil'd,
And left the scene to solitude:—Once more
We met, and then we parted, in this world
To meet no more; and that fair form, that shone
The vision of a moment, on the sands—
Was never seen again!—Now, it has pass'd
Where all things are forgotten; but it shone
To me, a sparkle of the morning sun,
That trembled on the light wave, yesterday,
And perish'd there for ever!

Look around,—
Above the winding reach of Severn, stands

Walton Castle.

With massy fragments of forsaken tow'rs,
Thy Castle, solitary WALTON. Hark!
Through the lone ivy'd arch, was it the wind
Came fitful? There, by moonlight, we might stand,
And deem it some old castle of romance;
And on the glimm'ring ledge of yonder rock,
Above the wave, fancy it was the form
Of Spectre-Lady, for a moment seen,
Lifting her bloody dagger, then, with shrieks
Vanishing! Hush! there is no sound—no sound
But of the Severn sweeping onward! Look!
There is no bleeding apparition-form:—
No fiery shapes glare, Walton, on thy walls!
Surrounded by the works of silent art,
And far—far more endearing, by a groupe
Of breathing children, their Possessor lives;*
And ill should I deserve the name of Bard,
Of courtly Bard, if I could touch this theme
Without a prayer—an earnest, heartfelt prayer,
When one, whose smile I never saw but once,
Yet cannot well forget, when one now blooms—

* J. P. MILES, Esq; whose fine collection of Paintings, at his magnificent seat, Leigh-Court, is well-known.

Picture of Bristol.

Unlike the spectre-Lady of the Rock—
A living and a lovely Bride !†

How proud—
Oppos'd to WALTON's silent towers—how proud,
With all her spires and fanes—the volum'd smoke,
Trailing, in column, to the mid-day sun,
Black, or pale blue, above the cloudy haze—
With the great stir of commerce, and the noise
Of passing and re-passing wains, and cars,
And sledges, grating in their under-path,
And trade's deep murmur, and a street of masts,
And pennants, from all nations of the earth,
Streaming below the houses, piled aloft,
Hill above hill; and every road below
Fervent with troops of coal-nymphs, seated high
On their rough pads, in dingy dust serene :—
How proudly, amid sights and sounds like these,
BRISTOL, through all whose smoke—dark and aloof,
Stands REDCLIFF's solemn Fane :—How proudly, girt
With villages, and CLIFTON's airy rocks,
BRISTOL—the mistress of the Severn Sea—

† Married, whilst these pages were in the press, to a son of my early friend.

Brockley-Coomb—Fayland—Goblin-Coomb.

BRISTOL, amid her merchant-palaces,
That ancient city, sits !—

But look, again !—

There CONGRESBURY lifts its slender spire,
And think, how many glens and nooks of shade
Or transient sunshine, fill the interval,
Like POUSSIN's pictur'd landscapes ! Gnarled oaks,
Dark, or with fits of desultory light,
Flung through the branches, *there*, o'erhang the road,
Where shelter'd, as romantic, BROCKLEY-COOMB
Allures the lingering traveller to wind
Step by step, up its sylvan hollow, slow—
Till the proud summit gain'd, how gloriously
The wide scene lies in light—how gloriously,
Sun, shadows, and pale mountains far away,
Woods, meadows, and the mighty Severn—blend,
While the grey hero'n up-shoots, and screams for joy !
Nor pass we FAYLAND, with its fairy rings
Marking the turf, where tiny elves may dance,
Their light feet twinkling in the dewy gleam,
By moonlight. But what sullen dæmon pil'd
The rocks, that stern in desolation frown,
Through the deep solitude of GOBLIN-COOMB,

Cottage—Poor Dinah—Langford Court.

Where, wheeling o'er its crags, the shrilling kite
More dismal makes its utter dreariness !*
There, the dark yew starts from the limestone rock,
Into faint sunshine,—there, the ivy hangs
From the old oak, whose upper branches, bare,
Seem as admonishing the nether woods
Of Time's swift pace,—while dark and deep beneath
The fearful hollow yawns, upon whose edge,
One peeping cot sends up, from out the fern,
Its early wreath of slow-ascending smoke.
And who lives in that far-secluded cot?
Poor DINAH ! She was once a serving-maid,
Most beautiful ; now on the wild wood's edge
She lives alone—alone, and bow'd with age,
Mutt'ring and sad, and scarce within the sound
Of human kind, forsaken as the scene !

But yonder, at the foot of MENDIP, smiles
The seat of cultivated ADDINGTON :†—
And there, that beautiful, but solemn church,

* A wild, desolate, and craggy vale, so called most appropriately, and forming a contrast to the open downs of FAYLAND, and the picturesque beauties of BROCKLEY.

† Langford Court, the seat of the late Right Hon. HELY ADDINGTON.

Mendip Lodge—Blagdon.

Presides o'er the still scene, where one old friend*
Lives social, while the shortening day unfelt
Steals on, and eve, with smiling light, descends—
With smiling light, that, ling'ring on the tow'r,
Reminds earth's pilgrim of his lasting home.

Is that a magic garden, on the edge
Of Mendip hung? Ev'n so it seems to gleam ;
While many a cottage, on to WRINGTON's smoke,
(WRINGTON, the birth-place of immortal LOCKE,)
Checkers the village-crofts, and lowly glens,
With porch of flowers, and bird-cage, at the door,
That seems to say—"England, with all thy crimes,
"And bowed as thou art by pauper-laws,
"ENGLAND, THOU ONLY ART THE POOR MAN'S HOME !"

And yonder, BLAGDON, in its shelter'd glen,
Sits pensive, like a rock-bird, in its cleft ;—
The craggy glen *here* winds, with ivy hung,
Beneath whose dark, depending tresses, peeps
The Cheddar-pink ; *there* fragments of red rock
Start from the verdant turf, among the flow'rs.

* The Rev. THOMAS WICKHAM, Rector of Yatton.

Wrighton—Its Rector, author of the tune of "Auld Robin Gray."

And who can paint sweet Blagdon, and not think
 Of LANGHORNE, in his rural rectory—
 LANGHORNE a pastor, and a poet too.†
 He, in retirement's literary bower,
 Oft woo'd the Sisters of the sacred well,
 Harmonious: nor pass on, without a prayer,
 For her—associate of his early fame,
 Accomplish'd, eloquent, and holy MORE†—
 Who now, with slow and gentle cadence,
 In the same vale, with look uprais'd to Heaven,
 Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
 Smiling at Time!—

But, hark! there comes a song,
 Of Scotland's lakes and hills—AULD ROBIN GRAY!
 TWEED, or the winding Tay, ne'er echoed words
 More sadly soothing;—but the melody,*
 Like some sweet melody of olden times,

† LANGHORNE, the Poet, Rector of Blagdon.

† Mrs. HANNAH MORE, of Barley-Wood, near Wrighton, of whom all praise is superfluous.

* The Rector of Wrighton, Mr. LEAVES, was the composer of the popular melody; but there is an old Scotch tune, to which the words were originally adapted. By melody, I mean the music to the words.

Auld Robin Gray.

A ditty of past days, rose from those woods.
Oh ! could I hear it—as I heard it once—
Sung by a maiden† of the South, whose look—
(Although her song be sweet)—whose look, whose life,
Is sweeter than her song;—no minstrel grey—
Like DONALD and “the Lady of the Lake”—
But would lay down his harp, and when the song
Was ended, raise his lighted eyes, and smile,
To thank that maiden, with a strain like this:—

“OH ! when I hear thee sing of ‘Jamie far away,’
“ ‘Of Father and of Mother,’ and of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’
“ I listen till I think it is Jeanie’s self I hear,
“ ‘And I look in thy face’ with a blessing and a tear.

“ ‘I look in thy face,’ for my heart it is not cold,*
“ Though Winter’s frost is stealing on, and I am
growing old;

† Miss STEPHENS.

* “She look’d in my face, till my heart was like to break.”—(*Auld Robin Gray.*) Nothing can exceed the pathos with which Miss STEPHENS sings these words.

Auld Lang Syne.

“ Those tones I shall remember as long as I live,
“ And a blessing and a tear shall be the thanks I give.

“ The tear it is for summers that so blithesome have been,
“ For the flowers that all are faded, and ‘ the days that
I have seen ;’—

“ The blessing, lassie, is for thee, whose song so sadly
sweet

“ Recals the music of ‘ Lang Syne,’ to which my heart
has beat.”

Lang Syne.

IV.

LANG SYNE—VISION OF THE DELUGE—

CONCLUSION.

The music of "Lang Syne!" Oh! long ago
It died away—died—and was heard no more!—
And where those hills that skirt the level vale,
On to the left, the vision intercept,
I would not—could not look—were they remov'd
I *would* not—*could* not look, lest I should see
The sunshine on that spot of all the world,
Where, starting from the dream of youth, I gaz'd
Long since, on the cold, clouded world, and cried,
"Beautiful vision, lov'd, ador'd, in vain,
"FAREWELL—FAREWELL, for ever!"

How sincere,
How pure was my heart's love; oh! was it not?
Yes; Heaven can witness—now my brow is chang'd,
Now I look back, and seem almost to hear

 Lang Syne.

The music of the days when we were young,
 Like music of that dream, ere I awoke,
 Oh! witness, Heaven, how fervent, how sincere—
 How fervent, and how tender, and how pure,
 Was my fond heart's first love!

The summer eve

Shone, as with sympathy of sweet farewell,
 Upon thy Tor, and solitary mound,
 GLASTON, as rapidly I pass'd along,*
 Borne from those scenes for ever, while this song
 The sorrows of the hour and way beguil'd:—

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 Soothing to sad repose the weary sense,
 Stealest the long-forgotten pang away;
 ON THEE I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dry'd the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back upon this anguish past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!†

* In the mail to London.

† From Sonnets, by the Author.

Lang Syne.

When the next eve came down,—on DOVER CLIFFS
A pale, solitary youth, “unknown
“To fortune and to fame,” stood—with a tear,
Gazing upon a foreign land, and thus
Sought the brief solace of a song again:—

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
How many weary wanderers have stood ;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met their ears,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, have thought of all their hearts must leave
To-morrow ; of the friends they lov'd most dear ;
Of social scenes, from which they wept to part :
But if, like me, they knew how fruitless all—
All the fond hopes that would the past recall,
Soon would they quell the risings of the heart,
And brave the storm and the unhearing tide—
The cold wide World their home, and GOD their guide.*

So pass'd the days of youth, which ne'er return,
Tearful ; for worldly fortune smil'd too late,
And the poor minstrel-boy had then no wealth,
Save such as Poets dream of—LOVE and HOPE.
At Fortune's frown, the wreath which Hope entwin'd

* From Sonnets, by the Author.

Lang Syne.

Lay withering, for the dream had been too sweet
 For human life;—yet NEVER—though his LOVE,*
 “All his fond love,” he mutter’d to the winds;
 Though oft he strove, distemper’d, without joy,
 To drown ev’n the remembrance that he liv’d—
 NEVER, a weak complaint escap’d his lip,
 Save that some tender tones, as he pass’d on,
 Died on his desultory lyre.—

NO MORE!—

Forget the shadows of a feverish dream,

* As the following lines have appeared, without a name, in Miss JOHANNA BAILEY’s Collection of Poems I venture here to acknowledge them. They may possibly be read with some interest, when compared with the first effusions of my youth:—

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
 How beautiful let fond remembrance say!
 Alas! since then old Time has stol’n away
 Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare:—
 So hath it perish’d like a thing of air,
 The dream of love and youth!—My locks are grey;
 Yet still remembering Hope’s enchanting lay,
 Though Time has chang’d my look, and blanch’d my hair,
 Though I remember one dark hour with pain,
 And never thought, as long as I might live,
 Parted for years—to hear that voice again—
 I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
 And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
 LADY, AS WHEN I LOV’D THEE YOUNG AND FAIR!

Return to the Deluge—Vision of the Flood—Archangel.

That long has pass'd away ! Uplift the eyes
To HIM, who "sits above the water flood,"—
To HIM, who "WAS, AND IS, AND IS TO COME !"
Wrapt in the thought of ages that are pass'd,
And viewing here the records of earth's doom,
Let us, even now, think that we hear the sound—
The sound of the Great Flood, o'er all the earth
Outspread, and surging in its solitude !
Let us a moment, wrapt in thought, forget
The scenes before us,—cave, and hill, and sea,
And bid Imagination lift the veil
Spread, o'er the rolling globe,^f four thousand years !

THE VISION OF THE DELUGE ! HARK—A TRUMP !
It was the TRUMP of the ARCHANGEL ! Stern,
He stands, while the awak'ning thunder rolls
Beneath his feet ! Stern, and alone, he stands
Upon Imaus' height !

No voice is heard
Of revelry or blasphemy so high !
He SOUNDS AGAIN HIS TRUMPET ; and the clouds
Come deep'ning o'er the world !—

Storm increasing—Trump—Voice—Phantom-Horse.

Why art thou pale?

A strange and fearful stillness is on earth,
As if the shadow of th' ALMIGHTY, pass'd
O'er the abodes of man, and hush'd, at once,
The song, the shout, the cries of violence,
The groan of the oppress'd, and the deep curse
Of Blasphemy, who scowls upon the clouds,
And mocks the louder thunder!

HARK! A VOICE—

“PERISH!” The thunder rocks more loud—the Earth
Answers, from North to South, from East to West,
“PERISH!” The fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up—the rushing rains descend,
Like night, deep night, while momentary seen,
Through blacker clouds, on his pale phantom-horse,
DEATH, a gigantic skeleton, rides on,
Rejoicing, where the millions of mankind—
(Seen as the lightning-shafts glare from his hand)—
Welter beneath the shadow of his horse!
Now, dismally, through all her caverns, HELL,
Sends forth a horrid laugh, that dies away,
And then a loud voice answers—“VICTORY!”

Dove of the Ark.

“VICTORY, TO THE RIDER, AND HIS HORSE !

“VICTORY, TO THE RIDER, AND HIS HORSE !”

RIDE ON:—the Ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo ! the mighty deep has shrunk !
The Ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The Raven is sent forth,—
Send out the Dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev’ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,

But whither wilt thou go ?

For tho’ the clouds ride high above,

How sad and waste is all below !

2, The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss’d it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press’d it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur’d in her hand, forgot.

Dove of the Ark.

The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kisses it, and at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
Again it came at ev'ning-fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of Heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

Dove of the Ark.

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away.
No longer drooping, here confin'd,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and FARE THEE WELL.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love,
In murmurs from the leafy tree:
Yet FREEDOM, FREEDOM shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and FARE THEE WELL.*

And never more she saw it; for the Earth
Was dry, and now, upon the mountain's van,
Again the great Archangel stands! the light
Of the bright rainbow glitters on his hair—
He to the rainbow lifts his hands, whose arch
Spans the whole Heaven; and whilst, far off, in light,

* This Song, set to music by the Author, is sold by POWER, Music Warehouse, Strand; and was originally written as words for an Oratorio.

Dove ascending.

The ascending dove is for a moment seen,
Hereafter to descend on Jordan's banks,
The last rain falls—falls, gently and unheard,
Amid the silent sunshine! Oh! look up!—
Above the clouds, in azure depth of light,
Behold a RADIANT CROSS! And hark! the song
Of Angels and Archangels jubilant,—
“GLORY, AND PRAISE, AND HONOUR BE TO THEE,
“LORD GOD OF HOSTS; WE LAUD AND MAGNIFY
“THY GLORIOUS NAME, PRAISING THEE EVERMORE,
“FOR THE GREAT DRAGON IS CAST DOWN, AND HELL
“VANQUISH'D BENEATH THY CROSS, LORD JESUS
CHRIST.”

Hark! the clock strikes!—The shadowy scene dissolves,
And all the visionary pomp is pass'd!
I only see a few sheep on the edge
Of this ærial ridge, and Banwell tower,
Grey in the morning sunshine, at our feet.

Farewell to BANWELL CAVE, and BANWELL HILL,
And BANWELL CHURCH;* and farewell to the shores,

* Banwell Church is eminently beautiful, as are all the churches in Somersetshire. Dr. RANDOLPH has lately added improvements to the Altar-piece, and spared no expense.

Conclusion.

Where, when a child, I wander'd; and farewell,
Harp of my youth! Above this mountain-cave
I leave thee, murm'ring to the fitful breeze
That wanders from that sea, whose sound I heard
So many years ago.

Yet, whilst the light
Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that tow'r,
I turn a parting look, and lift to Heav'n
A parting prayer, that OUR OWN SION, thus,—
With sober splendour, yet not gorgeous,
Her mitred brow, temper'd with lenity
And Apostolic mildness, in her mien
No dark defeature, beautiful as mild,
And gentle as the smile of Charity,—
Thus on the rock of ages may uplift
Her brow majestic, pointing to the spires
That grace her village glens, or solemn fanes
In cities, bright above the stir and smoke,
And list'ning to deep harmonies that swell
From all her temples!

So may she adorn—
(Her robe as graceful, as her Creed is pure)—
This happy land, till TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!

Conclusion.

And whilst her grey cathedrals rise in air,
Solemn, august, and beautiful, and touch'd
By time—to show a grace, but no decay,
Like that fair pile, which, from hoar Mendip's brow,
The traveller beholds, crowning the vale
Of Avalon, with all its tow'rs in light;—
So, England, may thy grey cathedrals lift
Their front in Heav'n's pure light, and ever boast
Such Prelate-Lords—bland, but yet dignified—
Pious, paternal, and beloved, as HE
Who prompted, and FORGIVES, this SEVERN SONG !

END OF THE POEM.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THOUGHTS
ON THE APPEARANCES PRESENTED BY
BANWELL CAVE;
IN A LETTER TO THE REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES,
BY THE REV. R. WARNER.

will enable the reader to form
the correct opinion of the degree
value of the vast accumulation
of bones in the cave.

The following Exhibit of
a letter from my father to
Wm. [unclear] [unclear]
~~to the [unclear] [unclear]~~
~~of the [unclear] [unclear]~~
~~of the [unclear] [unclear]~~
~~of the [unclear] [unclear]~~

LETTER.

Chelwood House, 11th Aug. 1828.

MY DEAR BOWLES:

I FORWARD to you, with pleasure, my *thoughts* respecting the appearances which the CAVE, near BANWELL, presented, on its discovery, about three years ago, by the intelligent and indefatigable Mr. BEARD, an inhabitant of that delightful neighbourhood. As I know nothing of *Comparative Anatomy*; and assert no pretensions to *scientific* acquirement; these *thoughts* may, possibly, excite a *smile* among those who are more highly gifted in these respects than myself. I should not, however, be disturbed at such a reception of my humble *theory*; for, claiming no credit for its conception, and anticipating no fame or popularity from its notoriety, save what it may obtain, from the fortunate circumstance of its being identified with your respected name, and

deservedly esteemed poetry, I should hear its condemnation without surprise, and witness its eversion without concern. I would only add, however, (in the way of *deprecation*,) that there is one circumstance connected with it, which, whether it be adopted or extinguished, should preserve its existence from odium, or shield its memory from contempt. It was Darwin's design to "enlist imagination under the banner of science:" it is my wish to see the phænomena of Natural Philosophy harmonizing with the recitals in the Word of God; and the great book of the visible creation forming a second volume to the sacred book of Revelation. This happy coincidence between the two, was suggested to my mind by the first glance at BANWELL CAVE, and its contents; and every subsequent visit to the interesting spot, served only to corroborate the justness of my original notion, that they afforded a visible and satisfactory proof of the verity of Moses' account of the UNIVERSAL DELUGE. It was under this impression, that I paid more than an ordinary attention to the place in question; and formed that *theory*, a slight outline of which I would now lay before you.

The sagacity of Mr. BEARD having detected the existence of the cavern, and his perseverance effected a precipitous descent into it; the objects offered to his notice were of the most astonishing and paradoxical description—"an antre vast," rude from the hand of Nature, of various elevations, and branching into several

Simple
of
prec
all
m.

recesses; its floor overspread with a huge mingled mass of bones and mud, black earth (or decomposed animal matter), and sand from the Severn Sea, which flows about six miles to the northward of BANWELL village. The *quantity* of bones, and the *mode* by which they could be conveyed to, and deposited in, the place they occupied, were points of equal difficulty to be explained: as the former amounted to several waggon loads; and as no access to the cavern appeared to exist, except a fissure from above, utterly incapable, from its narrow dimensions, of admitting *the falling in* of any animal larger than a common sheep; whereas, it was evident, that huge quadrupeds, such as unknown beasts of the ox tribe, bears, wolves, and, *probably*, hyænas and tygers, had perished in the cave. But, though the questions *how* and *when* were unanswerable, *this* conclusion was irresistibly forced upon the mind, by the phænomena submitted to the eye,—that, as the receptacle was infinitely too small to contain such a crowd of animals in their *living* state, they must necessarily have occupied it in *succession*: one portion of them after another paying the debt of Nature, and (leaving their bones only, as a memorial of their existence on the spot) thus making room in the cavern for a succeeding set of inhabitants, of similar ferocious habits to themselves. The difficulty, indeed, of the *ingress* of such beasts into the Cave did not long continue to be invincible; as Mr. BEARD discovered, and cleared out, a lateral aperture in it, suffi-

ciently inclining from the perpendicular, and sufficiently large in its dimensions, to admit of the easy descent into this subterraneous apartment of one of its most unwieldy tenants, though loaded with its prey.

From the circumstances premised, you will, probably, anticipate my *thoughts* on these remarkable phænomena; if not, they are as follow:—I consider the *Cavern* to have been *formed* at the period of the original deposition, and consolidation, of the matter constituting the mountain limestone in which it is found; *possibly*, by the agency of some elastic gas, imprisoned in the mass, which prevented the approximation of its particles to each other; or, by some unaccountable interruption to the operation of the usual laws of its crystallization,—that, for a long succession of ages anterior to the deluge, and previously to man's inhabiting the colder regions of the earth, BANWELL CAVE had been inhabited by successive generations of beasts of prey; which, as hunger dictated, issued from their den, pursued, and slaughtered, the gregarious animals, or wilder quadrupeds, in its neighbourhood; and dragged them, either bodily or piecemeal, to this retreat, in order to feast upon them at leisure, and undisturbed,—that, the bottom of the cavern thus became a kind of charnel-house, of various and unnumbered beasts,—that, this scene of excursive carnage continued till “the Flood came and destroyed them ~~all;~~” blending “the oppressor with the oppressed,” and mixing the hideous *furniture* of the den with a quantity

of extraneous matter, brought from the adjoining shore, and subjacent lands, by the waters of the deluge, which rolled, surging (as KIRWAN imagines), from the North-western quarter,—that, previously to this total submersion, as the flood increased on the lower grounds, the animals which fed upon them ascended the heights of MENDIP, to escape impending death; and, with panic, rushed (as many as could gain entrance) into this dwelling-place of their worst enemies,—that, numberless birds also, terrified by the elemental tumult, flew into the same den, as a place of temporary refuge,—that, the interior of the cavern was speedily filled by the roaring deluge, whose waters, dashing and crushing the various substances which they embraced, against the rugged rocks, or against each other; and continuing this violent and incessant action for at least three months, at length tore asunder every connected form; separated every skeleton; and produced that confusion of substances, that scene of *disjecta membra*, that mixture and disjunction of bones, which were apparent on the first inspection of the cavern; and which are now visible in that part of it, which has been hitherto untouched.

Such are my speculations (harmless I may at least call them) with respect to that singular and most curious feature of Mendip scenery, BANWELL CAVE: and I would fain flatter myself, that, when its contents shall be carefully examined by some competent osteologist and philosopher, the result may be, a confirmation of

an hypothesis, which appears to tally equally well with the existing phænomena and the Mosaical record. As every facility of investigating the cavern is now afforded to the public, by its liberal and honoured proprietor; who, with a munificence, alike natural to his character, and becoming his station, has thrown a grace over the ruggedness of this hitherto neglected part of Mendip; and rendered it as interesting to *taste*, as it is inviting to *scientific curiosity*: so we may indulge the hope, that its attractions will, ere long, allure some "gifted sage" to the spot, whose patient observation may either confirm or correct those crude opinions, which, with much diffidence, but with great regard, have been submitted to your notice, by,

My dear BOWLES,

Yours, very sincerely,

R. WARNER.

NOTES

AND

MISCELLANEOUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTES.

PAGE vi. LINE 16.

Himself has pil'd, and plac'd in various forms.

Among the fossilists of England, Miss HANNING, of Lyme, ought to be mentioned:—Her father fell from a cliff at Charmouth; he lingered for about two years after this accident, and expired in the year 1812, leaving a widow and three children totally destitute of the means of existence. Miss H. who, at the death of her father, was between ten and eleven years of age, had acquired a taste for his pursuits; and one day, a short time after his decease, she picked up an Ammonite on the shore, which was observed by a lady passing by, and who, being struck by the novelty of the girl's pursuit, gave her 2s. 6d. for the specimen. The girl ran home to her mother, related the incident, and exclaimed, "Mother, we need not go to the workhouse now, for I can pick up pretty stones, and support you and all of us."

Animated by this trifling occurrence, she pursued her occupation with ardour, and within twelve months completed a skeleton of an "Ichthyosauri" from detached portions she

discovered in the marle. This specimen was sent to the British Museum. She has subsequently completed the skeletons of three "Ichthyosauri:" one is now at the Bristol Institution; one is about to be presented to the Bath Institution by a Mr. Templeman; and one was purchased by the Duke of Buckingham for £110. She has an order for another, at the same price, to go to Paris.

She is very intelligent and unassuming. She has taught herself French, sufficiently to read Cuvier with tolerable facility. She employs herself after each tide in exploring the shore for specimens; and keeps a shop in Lyme for the sale of Minerals.

I thought it due to such a person, in such a situation, to take an opportunity of saying this, from authority on which I can rely.

P. vii. L. 14.

Hark! how the wheels of stern OSTORIUS.

Two signal victories under Claudius are celebrated over the Britons. After one of them, a magnificent triumphal temple was erected, and the strongest hold of Cunobelin became the colony of Camalodunum. But where was Camalodunum? It was in Essex, says the general voice: it is marked there in the Roman maps. It was at Camerton, in Somersetshire, replies the well-informed Rector of that parish, Mr. Skinner,—

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

The strongest argument for Essex is a passage in Tacitus, of the apparition,—seen where? In *Quatuordecim* THAMESIS, says Tacitus. Then Camalodunum could not be at Camerton. Mr. Skinner says, the word Thamesis is not in the oldest edition. This is a most material fact, and certainly the passage in Tacitus is far clearer, if applied to the Severn, than to the Thames.

Now let us come to facts. A great battle was fought near Wookey, in Somersetshire, in the reign of Claudius, as proved by the most infallible of all tests—the following inscription, on a plate of lead :

T. Claudius Cæsar. Aug. P. vi.

Trib. P. viii. IMP. xvi. de Britan.

The reverse of most of these coins of Claudius is a triumphant arch. The ninth tribune of Claudius fell anno Romæ conditæ 802, in the year 52 of the Christian æra. I am convinced there was *more than one* Templum Claudii in Britain—more than *one* Camalodunum. Let me add, that Temple Cloud, and Temple-street, Bristol, I have no doubt, were so called from A TEMPLE of victory, dedicated to Claudius, in the neighbourhood of this great victory, and, probably, a triumphant arch at the entrance of Bristol.

P. xi. L. 9.

Like silent years revolving, BLEADON lies.

I hope to receive the indulgence of my readers, if, in contemplating the scenes, after many years, which are among the

subjects of this Poem, I extract part of a letter from the kind-hearted old man (the Rev. Mr. NORMAN), the Parson Adams of the country, to whom I was sent to learn the first rudiments of my education.

I find in a letter to my father, dated Bleadon, 1779, this passage, expressing his surprise at some juvenile indifferent verses, which my father, at the time, thought prodigious:

“MASTER Bowles appears *already* to have acquired, under “his incomparable master, a FUND OF LEARNING AND HUMOUR, visible in his representation of Sir Tobit; and if “the *blossoms* are so fair at his early age, what unparalleled “*fruit* may we not hope for, when he is *got* on the TOP of “PARNASSUS? A prospect GRAND enough to make so dull “a mortal as your humble servant proud!”

“*Master*” Bowles laid his hand by accident on this passage, looking over some old letters to his father, while this Poem was in the press; and he extracts it, thinking the reader might possibly smile, as *he did*, when, after forty years communing with the Muse, he concludes this poem on the same scenes, with recollections of that first good old school-master, who in the second *sight* of prophecy, among the hills of the lonely village of Bleadon, prophesied for him a *prospect* of the hill of Parnassus, which undoubtedly meant this Poem on BANWELL HILL!!

One little incident, which has been called up by these recollections, had very nearly destroyed the prophecy; for coming through Bristol, from Northamptonshire, we changed horses. Having never before seen a place greater than Ayno in Northamptonshire, the moment we got out of the chaise, I took advantage, and instantly wandered away. The carriage was waiting, scouts were sent in every direc-

tion; and it was not long before "*Master Bibles*," the future Bard of Banwell, was found, sitting supposedly, on the steps leading to Redcliffe Church!

These verses on Sir Tobit were most unfortunate for me; for in consequence, my Father, lest "my *humour*" should be lost, set me, when I came home, to turn "Joe Miller's "selected Jests into verse." And this was not the worst; for whenever company came, my translation of the Jests was brought forth. Whether this gave me a turn to *Elegy*, I cannot say.

P. xiii. L. 19.

Thy Abbey, Woodspring, rose.

"Almost on the brink of the Channel, being secured from "it only by a narrow shelf of rocks, called *Swallow-Clift*, "William de Courteneye, about the year 1210, founded a "Friary of Augustine Monks, at a place called *Worspyng*, "or Woodspring, to the honour of the Holy Trinity, the "blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Thomas Becket, of Canter- "bury. This Wm. de Courteneye was son of Robt. de "Courteneye, and a descendant of Wm. de Traci, as well "as nearly allied to the three other assassins of the "canonized Archbishop, to whom this Monastery was dedi- "cated."—*History of Somerset*.

Four Barons were engaged to murder Becket; but *three* only were concerned in giving his first death-wounds,—Reginald Fitz-urse, William de Tracy, and Richard Brito.

I transcribe from the animated pen of Southey the following interesting recital

“ ‘Reginald,’ said he (Becket) to Fitz-urse, ‘I have done *you* many kindnesses, and do you come against me thus armed?’ The Baron, resolute as himself, in a worse purpose, told him to get out from thence (the Cathedral), and die; at the same time laying hold of his robe!”

“Tracy, he had nearly thrown down; and Fitz-urse, he thrust from him with a strong hand,” &c. “Fitz-urse no longer hesitated to *strike*,” &c. “The second blow brought him to the ground, on his face, before St. Benedict’s Altar. He had strength and composure enough to cover himself with his robes, and then to join his hands in prayer, and in that position died under their repeated strokes, each pressing near to bear a part in the murder. Brito cleft his skull.”—*Southey’s Vindiciæ*, &c. vol. i. 239.

I have ventured to suppose the graves might be those of Tracey, Fitz-urse, and Brito: the name of Hugh Neville does not occur. I have since heard, that on the Flat Holms are only *two graves*; and that, contrary to all received usages of ancient sepulture, the graves are North and South, instead of East and West. The supposition is natural, that these may be the graves of Fitz-urse and of Tracey, for Tracey’s descendants founded the Abbey in view of the Holms. The sepulture might have been contrary to the usual direction of Christian graves, from feelings of the direst remorse, as if such murderers, who smote the anointed Primate of the holy Church, should be consigned to oblivion, in graves with the usual position of Christian burial reversed!

The idea is, at all events, *poetical*, whether it be founded in truth, or not. It is more probable, if there are only *two* graves; for it is likely that *two* of the murderers might have retired here, and not three or four. Tracey was undoubtedly one; Fitz-urse did not strike, till from personal irritation. Such men are more likely to have felt such remorse.

P. xvi. L. 7.

A moment—and the buoyant bark went down.

Of the three or four who were saved, one was a Bailiff to a benevolent Nobleman of the county of Wilts. Hearing that the packet, which sailed to Ireland, was lost near the Flat Holms, he humanely sent an express to Bristol, to ascertain whether this was the packet in which his bailiff sailed, and finding it was, he naturally concluded he was drowned; and he told me, at the time; it was so. About six weeks after it happened, I was riding in a narrow road, when this very man, looking somewhat paler, approached me. I could scarce believe my eyes, for it seemed that the person before me must have been a spectre from the grave. I immediately said, "Is that ——?" he said, 'Yes, Sir.' "Why I thought "you had been drowned in the packet?" 'Yes, Sir; so I 'was—*very nearly!*' He then told me the circumstances of his escape, on the mast, with two boys! I said, smilingly, "Well, you know the old proverb,—'he that is BORN to "be HANGED, will NEVER be DROWNED!'" He smiled,

in turn, and passed on. Reader, at the next Assizes for Somersetshire, this very man was CONDEMNED to be HANGED for forgery!! He was transported, afterwards, for life.

P. xvii. L. 11.

Like CRUSOE;

The following story is current:—A Mr. ROBINSON was introduced to a *femme savante*, in France, who, willing to show her perfect acquaintance with English literature, said to him—"Mr. Robinson, I am delighted to be introduced to the author of those adventures, which I have been reading with so much interest: let me enquire, what is become of that interesting character—your 'MAN 'FRIDAY?'"

Whether this be true or not, I cannot say; but, receiving lessons on the violoncello, at Strasburg, my *maitre*, in taking away some music, took up a song. It was the opening of the Messiah, "Comfort ye." I said, hastily, that song is mine! He said he should like to hear it; but he was no judge of composition. However, he would show it to Mr. Richter!* The next day, he came to give his lesson: I asked, what said Monsieur Richter! Il dit—he replied, with a most profound bow, that you, Sir, "was the greatest composer the world ever saw, or EVER would see!"

* Organist of Strasburg, and excellent composer!

P. xxi. L. 12.

He who o'erlooks yon sturdy labourer.

WM. THOMAS BOWLES, my Father, took possession of the livings of Uphill and Brean in 1768. He had an uncle at that time, Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of Donhead, near Shaftesbury. A sentence from a congratulatory letter will show how obscure Uphill and its neighbourhood was *then* considered:

"I take this opportunity to wish you joy of your preferences in Somersetshire, hoping they are not among the Moors, or near Brent Marsh, which is a *kill-priest* country! and should be glad to know how far Uphill may be from Wells, Taunton, Minehead, or Bridgewater, or either of them, which are considerable towns; but UPHILL I *never heard of before!*"*

P. xxii. L. 1.

The colts among the sandhills.

My earliest playfellow on Uphill green was JAMES CAULFIELD, now a respectable hair-dresser of Wells. I never

* The writer of this letter was the schoolfellow and friend of Polymetes Spence, Bishop Louth, and the Author of *Tales of the Genii*. It is not generally known, that in one of the tales, the name of the hermit, Phesoi Ecneps, is JOSEPH SPENCE, read backwards, as Ellor is Rolle, the Rector of Barwell-St.-John, Wilts.

come to Wells without shaking him by the hand; and I here mention his name, because I think he may be gratified by this notice from his old play-fellow.

My friend JAMES, I believe, *shaves* the Chapter of Wells; and I may here be excused, if I mention an anecdote, of which this circumstance reminds me. It happened that having slept at a large town in Wiltshire, the next morning I sent for the *Old Tonsor* of the place to be "TRIMMED"—*secundum artem*. After the operation, he told me, with a solemn face, that, in his opinion, the Church Establishment had somewhat declined in popularity within the last ten or twenty years; and, Sir, he gravely added, "I can tell the reason: this single parish consists of five thousand inhabitants; and I can assure you, it contains but—one wig, and that belongs to OLD PARSON PIDDING!! and when he is dead, there will not be a single wig in all Corsham! "How then, can any one suppose the Church can prosper?"

P. xxvii. L. 1.

A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light.

It will not be supposed I mean any tracts which have the sanction of such a Society, as that "for promoting Christian Knowledge." In fact, the religion of the Bible is *not* hot enough for "NOMINAL" Christians, who find in *tracts* and comments what they do not find in the Word of God, or in the Prayer-Book.

P. XXX. L. 21.

And CALVINISTS and EVANGELICALS!

I do not fear to say that the extreme Calvinistic creed is the "*fate*" of the Manicheans, of the worshippers of the evil principle, human nature not being, as it is most properly expressed in our Articles, "far gone," but, according to their system, *utterly* a putrid mass of corruption, and "FATE," over all! This creed is derived from the oriental philosophy, whose professors—the *Kaizers*, or first *Puritans*—contended, that the evil principle made the world, and that matter was essentially corrupt, as partaking the nature of the evil deity who made the world. They, therefore, "forbid marriage," because marriage, and children, extended the dominant rule of evil; and hence St. Paul says, "forbidding marriage, and "giving heed to the doctrines of devils!" In opposition to these doctrines, CHRIST performed his first miracle at the MARRIAGE in Cana! and, in the same chapter, so tenderly speaks, "*Suffer little children* to come unto me, for of such "is the kingdom of Heaven!"

This "*first miracle*," and our Saviour's conduct afterwards towards the *children*, considered together, have both a natural relation. I mention this, because it has escaped, as far as I know, *commentators*, who often leave out entirely what requires explanation, or are very diffuse in explaining what requires no explanation at all!

As to the inhuman Doctor who, among the *reformed*; *licked up* the doctrines of the Manicheans, &c. one letter of

his to Farrel, the reformer of Switzerland, on poor Servetus, cannot be read without saying, in the beautiful language of a poetical Calvinist, whose intense miseries were consonant to his creed, having a heart too *humble* for *spiritual* conceit,—

“ Now what man, seeing this,
 “ And having human feelings, does not hang
 “ His head, and blush to think himself a man !”

Calvin, speaking of Servetus, after his condemnation, uses these words, “ *Tantum reboaret BELLUINA STUPIDITALE* “ MISERICORDIA! MISERICORDIA!!”§

It was unfortunate, that a man, with such a *head* as this prodigy of learning and eloquence, should have had such a HEART! As the history of his treatment of Servetus is not commonly met with, I print this letter from the poor victim in prison :—

“ To my most honoured Lords, the Syndic and Council
 “ of Geneva.

“ MY LORDS,—Your petitioner beseeches you to consider,
 “ that he has committed *no fault* in your city, nor any where
 “ else; that he has not been a seditious man, and a disturber
 “ of the public; that all the time he was in Germany, he
 “ never discoursed of these things but with Œcolampadius,
 “ Bucer, and Capito; and that he never imparted his opinions
 “ in France. Besides, he always disapproved, and dis-
 “ approves, of the Anabaptists, who oppose the magistrates,
 “ and would have all things in common!”

Yet this is the poor man, whom Calvin watched like a tyger; and when he found he had rested one night at a

§ Letter of Calvin to Farrel, of Switzerland: “ He only *roared* out,
 “ ‘MERCY! MERCY!! Bonner, hide thy diminished head!’ ”

public-house, in his way to Italy, wrote to say, "Servetus
"has been found in this city, and I will take care he shall
"NOT ESCAPE alive!!"

In another letter, during imprisonment, Servetus addresses the magistrates, "Most honoured Lords, I humbly beseech you
"that you would be pleased to put a stop to these proceed-
"ings, or leave off *persecuting* me as a *criminal*. You see that
"Calvin is put to his last shifts, and is resolved I should *rot*
"in a prison! I am eaten up with *vermin*, *les poux me*
"*mangent TOUT VIF*! *mes chausses* are torn in pieces; I have
"none to shift, or another doublet—no *shirt*, *che une*
"*mechante!*" And this was, according to his amiable scho-
lastic persecutor, for "robbing the Almighty of two of the
"HYPOSTACES of his ESSENCE!!"

P. xxxi. L. 8.

Deck'd with most grim and godly visages.

The effects of certain creeds may be traced in the *visages* that adorn sundry Godly Magazines, and which speak, more than volumes, of the feelings which could produce such effects on the "*human face divine!*"

Let any physiognomist cast his eye on the books, whose frontispiece stares him in the face with the portentous visage of Alexander Gill, the Rev. Thomas Scott, the Rev. John Newton, &c. and I should think he would not have

much disposition to turn to the long pages of casuistry, to prove that when God says *one* thing, he *means another*!

I am afraid many young modern Evangelists read one modern indefatigable commentator, as the old Aristotelian Divines did, when, calling for St. Augustin, they used to say, *da mihi Magistrum*!

P. xxxiii. L. 8.

Lest he should trust to MORALS, when he dies!

I can avouch for the following fact:—A young woman, of most respectable character, taught the children in a Clergyman's village-school to read. Having been visited with the *new light*, she told the lady of the Clergyman, she should no longer superintend the school, as she had found, *too late*, she had been bred up herself in a *sad moral way*!! She was soon put out of this "sad MORAL way!" by the new minister she *sat under*! And when she was brought before the magistrate, to affiliate a bouncing *babe of grace* to this instructor, who had put her out of her "moral way," she told the magistrate she knew she was not less a CHILD of grace!

I could produce a hundred similar cases; but I shall only mention a fact in my own parish. When I first came to Bremhill, in 1805, Mrs. BOWLES established a Sunday-School for the poor girls, who, every Sunday, were taught by herself, on the lawn before the Parsonage, to read. The

mode of instruction was of the simplest kind: after the Church Catechism, the elder class of these village girls instructed the youngest. This Parsonage garden-school consisted of sixty or seventy children, all reading from one till five o'clock, and ending their lesson with the Lord's Prayer.

This course of instruction is kept up to the present day. Most of the girls, instructed during the first ten or fifteen years, turned out examples, on which the most ardent contemplators of the benefits of education might rest with delight. Many of the poor children, thus instructed, went into respectable service; some married; and none, I think I can say, for the first ten or fifteen years, burdened the parish as unmarried "pauper-breeders!" A beautiful girl, § in the parish workhouse, was exposed to all scenes and sights to which the poor children of a parish, in a common workhouse, are exposed. She went to no place of worship but the parish-church. At fifteen, this girl went to live in service at a country-town, the most dangerous of all places for a beautiful, friendless girl, at that age. Every temptation, as I have been credibly informed, was resisted with the dignity of a young woman of the best education: neither (what is called) "keeping company," nor money, nor temptation of any kind, could for one moment weigh with her to forget that modesty, and character, which she derived from her Christian and *moral* education. She is now comfortably settled in marriage with a respectable tradesman!

§ Described in the Poem.

I could mention dreadful examples of depravity among those attending nightly *prayer-meetings!* I have known a father and mother, with a representation of the tree of "damnation," and other pious pictures, stuck in the window of their cottage, become panders to the abandoned profligacy of their daughter, PREACHED out of *morals*, and full of *tract-grace!*

P. XXXIV. L. 2.

And sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes.

I transcribe the following letter, addressed to the Editor of a London paper :—

"SIR,—Every day brings accounts of the union of *professed piety*, and the most *hideous depravity*. One example of "*nominal*" Christianity is *shown up* in all the papers. A "*pious villain* seduced, in Devonshire, the wife of his friend who "*sat under him!*" and, in powerful and indignant language, he has been described, as '*actually administering* "to the unhappy victim of his crime, the meat and drink of "the damnation, into which he had hurried her!!"—administering the Holy Sacrament to her!

"I never entered this Reverend Gentleman's church; but of the nature of his *pulpit-doctrines*, I have very little doubt; namely, that '*good works*,' according to the vocabulary—the Shibboleth of the day, among '*nominal*' Christians—are 'all *filthy rags!*'

“ But, my reason for noticing this exquisite villain is to
“ call your attention, and that of your readers, to what is
“ far more important,—the *increase* of crimes, and the dete-
“ rioration of the high tone of national morals, through town
“ and country, in proportion, I verily believe, as the Old
“ Church-of-England-CHRISTIANITY, declines.

“ In *one paper* of last week, *two* instances were brought
“ forward of ‘our intellectual and moral march.’

“ One fellow was taken up for vagrancy. It appeared
“ he had been transported, and was well acquainted with the
“ Tread-wheel. After the most blasphemous execrations, he
“ altered his tone, and gravely and solemnly asserted his
“ acceptance with Heaven! Another miscreant was con-
“ victed of an offence too horrible to be named; and being
“ condemned to a twelve-months’ confinement, said, ‘thus it
“ ‘was that the *righteous* were persecuted!!’ by those who
“ went to wicked *stage-plays*!!

“ These, Sir, are frightful facts. I could *harrow* you, and
“ your readers, with enumerating a thousand others of a
“ kindred description. The most depraved in country
“ villages have found the advantage in congregating
“ the young, at what they blasphemously call ‘PRAYER-
“ ‘MEETINGS!’ A felon has been transported for fourteen
“ years, who was tried at the last Assize in Somersetshire,
“ who had *prayer-meetings* for *twenty* years at his house,
“ and during all that time had lived on *plunder and robbery*!
“ Ask of the gaolers in every county, what class, in general,
“ are found to be the polluters of infants, or the perpetrators
“ of crimes, whose name would defile the paper? Those
“ who attend places of worship where inflamed feelings are

“excited, and *morality, not immorality*, denounced as the “greatest crime! And yet, our sapient Senators are *pot-tering* about the cause of crimes, when one most obvious “cause is under their eyes,—excited feelings of unscriptural “religion, together with *anti-moral* doctrines, publicly “*preached*, and nearly as publicly practised.”

One *honest* writer, by the name of Palmer, has published that “our *good works* cannot take us to Heaven, nor our “*bad works* prevent it!!” This is, at least, more honest than Hawker, who says Christianity has not a “if,” or “but!!!”

P. XXXV. L. 18.

Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand.

The BATH MURDERER, the night before the horrible deed was perpetrated, I am credibly informed, attended a PRAYER-MEETING! Let us suppose he had entered that “*omnium “Dæmonum Theatrum,*” a play-house, just as the soliloquy was spoken,

“Is this a dagger, which I see before me?” &c.

Or, let us imagine his feelings when he heard this harrowing dialogue, from the same sublime drama of Macbeth:

“*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

“*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

“Didst thou not speak?

“*Macb.* When?

“*Lady M.* Now.

"*Macb.* As I descended?

"*Lady M.* Ay.

"*Macb.* Hark!—

"*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*"]

If he could have endured this whole heart-searching scene, let him have waited till he saw that terrible picture of remorse, when Lady Macbeth appears in her sleep, exhibited as I have seen it, I would venture to say that this horrible deed of blood would *not have* been done!!

I mention this, to show how utterly at variance with the spirit of Christianity is indiscriminate abuse of Plays, as plays. It is well known that St. Paul quoted a line of Menander, the Greek *play writer*, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, on a subject so awful as the resurrection from the dead! Could any thing induce a Puritan to quote Shakespeare?† We all remember what was said in a periodical publication!

I hope these observations will be excused; for I am certain of two things: first, to make innocent things appear *criminal*, is the surest step to make *criminal* things appear innocent; and, secondly, *fanaticism*, or uncharitable and illiterate puritanism, is the mother of atheism!

The Gospel is violated, when the *criminal* in heart leaves a place of worship, thinking he is no *worse* than *others*; and when the moral and conscientious are taught, that *they* are as *bad* as the *worst*!!

† See the same language—the very same images, used by Tertullian,* after he became a *Montanist*, Prynne, Rowland Hill, and Edward Irving, &c.

* De Spectaculis.

P. xxxvi. L. 8.

With thoughts which Hell would tremble to conceive!

An itinerant ~~praying~~ villain of this description took two children of a poor woman of Calne, from a cottage where he had been received as a *godly* doctor! Humanity shrinks from the recital.

A description of his person was sent into Wales, as it was supposed he had passed over the Severn. He was taken down from a *cross* in Wales, where he was singing hymns and preaching the "*Gospel!*" and *hanged* at Salisbury: two godly visiters having informed the public, that JESUS CHRIST was delighted to receive him in Paradise!

The calendar teems with such offences, chiefly by such a description of men. I have known one wretch of this description, who was tried for a *rape* on his own daughter—of eight years old! If the age does not abound in crimes, according to the *doctrines* taught in many Churches, upon every principle of *cause* and effect, it *ought!*

P. xxxvi. L. 18.

We love THE BIBLE,

I trust I need not say, that I cannot mean to object to any short explanatory notes on the Bible; but only to those

long, sophistical, and elaborate comments, which turn "yes" into "no," and "no" into "yes;" and make the "holy Word of God" a mere instrument, to *squeak* according to human systems. A Calvinist, indeed, points to the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans! But upon this chapter, there *may* be different opinions: upon "YES and "NO," there *can* be but *one*!

P. xxxviii. L. 2.

The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there.

My friend, JOHN HUDDLESTON, Esq; late one of the Directors of the East-India Company, who, through a long life, has been unwearied in the cause of humanity, has accumulated a mass of decisive evidence, that this horrible practice might be prevented.

It is a fact, that the *Shasters*, or the *Hindoos* Sacred Code, peremptorily lays down the law, that this horrible sacrifice shall not be allowed to take place, unless it be entirely *voluntary* on the part of the woman! and yet, it appears, from Bishop Heber's interesting Journal, that he passed by the spot, after this terrific spectacle had just taken place, and he saw—sickening as he describes the scene—the very bamboos, by which the victim was forcibly held down!! Some of these poor creatures are not more than *four* years old! affianced to husbands, for whom they are burnt alive, *willingly*, as it is said!

P. xl. L. 19.

..... *that Economy,*
Cold, and mis-call'd "Political!"

"A VISION."

Written in 1825.

I had a DREAM:—before my sight
 A beautiful vessel was sailing in light—
 I saw the subject-surge, below,
 Break and bicker round the prow—
 Proud to the gale her ensign flew—
 "OLD ENGLAND!" shouted loud, the gallant crew!
 So gloriously that vessel sail'd along,
 And "BRITAIN, RULE THE WAVES," was every seaman's song.

Was it the battle-blast her canvass rent,
 And caus'd that long and loud lament?
 Was it the whirlwind of the north
 With desolating sweep went forth?
 No! scarce along the level seas,
 Was heard the ripple of the breeze;
 The morning light sat in its lovely glory,
 On each white clift and distant promontory;
 Stern war had ceas'd to roar,
 And airs of music died along the peaceful shore.

With muttering lips, and withering look,
 I saw a wizard, o'er his cursed book;

That wizard, with pale face and poring eye,
 Was call'd "POLITICAL ŒCONOMY!!"
 And still he whisper'd, in the pilot's ear—
 "Steer this way—this way—this way steer!
 "Yonder the hills of wealth behold!
 "And ELDORADO's glittering coast of gold!!"

The pilot turn'd his wheel! a lurid smile
 Wrinkled the old man's face the while:
 For the pilot steer'd right on, where dark, beneath,—
 Lurk'd the reef, and rocks of death!
 That gallant ship was now at random toss'd—
 I look'd—the old man with his book was fled,
 A swart and hideous imp appear'd instead,
 That gibber'd, as it vanish'd, "LOST—LOST—LOST!"*

P. xl. L. 21.

Let THE BELLS RING—a Puritan turns pale.

The two great crimes of a "NOMINAL"† Christian are, and have been, from the time of the Manicheans, the DRAMA, and the DANCE (public and domestic); to these, *nominal* Christians, *una voce*, add CARD-PLAYING, without distinguishing cards accompanied with the spirit of gaming.

* See "Lay of the last Minstrel."

† This expression cannot be objected to, as it is so commonly and *charitably* applied by others, by those who affect *exclusive* godliness.

I can conceive, why the old Fathers, were so horror-struck at dancing, considering the licentious character of the eastern dance. But what resemblance is there in a social meeting of this kind, to which a father and mother bring their sons and daughters, and of which, in their youth, they have taken part, without one evil thought or feeling? What must be the HEART of THAT MAN, who can view such a meeting with impure feelings? Certainly he had better stay away. But what must BE the impurity in his heart to *confess* such ideas?

As to cards, for myself, no game at cards was ever played in my house; and what is more, I never saw a *game of cards* played in the neighbourhood where I reside; but how much more harmless is such an amusement, than the *game*, after tea, of "*playing at the Bible!*"

We should always remember, there is a great difference between religious *feelings* and religious *principles*. The one, if not guarded, will mislead; the other, when firmly grounded on GOD'S Word, and that alone, totally regardless of Papistical and Protestant *infallibility*, is unerring. I know not where to look for Gospel truths, more rightly divided, and more soundly, earnestly, and eloquently urged, than in the Sermons of Dr. Pearson, before the King.

But the spirit of *Puritanism* is as much like the spirit of Christianity, as the Mermaid, which was carried about for a show, consisting of an *ass's head* and fish's tail, is like a beautiful woman. Among all the horrible abominations of this wicked age, according to "*nominal*" Christians, there is one abomination, which I may have the thanks of such a school, for pointing out.

There is a certain wicked and most idolatrous machine, called a Round-a-bout; and though we are commanded not to make "the *likeness* of any thing above the earth, or "under the earth," this machine has a number of idolatrous images, in wood, representing *horses*! But, far worse than this, boys and girls, at an age when they ought never to move their eyes from the *assembly's catechism*, the 5th question of which, addressed to children of eight or nine years old, is, "What are the DECREES of GOD?"—instead of this precocious edification, in the mysteries of destiny and decrees,—to the horror of this age, of the "*march of intellect*," be it spoken,—boys and girls are found riding round, with the most sedate tranquillity, and apparent satisfaction, one after the other, on the same wooden likenesses of little *horses*!

It will be sufficient, in an age where we have seen *sanctimonious* theft, and *praying* murder, and when those found guilty of monstrous and unnatural crimes, gravely assert that thus the *Godly* are *persecuted*; it will be sufficient, besides a quiet game of whist, among the old—an innocent dance, among the young—a drama, of delightful Shakespeare, for the middle-aged—to point out the horrible *sin* of this machine, for the young!! I might add the dreadful impiety of a recreation, called, by the worldly, *battledore* and *shuttlecock*!

P. xlv. L. 2.

Where virtuous KEN, with his grey hairs and shroud.

Ken, and the *then* possessor of the princely mansion of Longleat were school-fellows at Winchester. Ken was fellow of the college afterwards; and wrote the collection of prayers, and beautiful Latin hymns for the use of the students.

The history of Ken is well known. He was, with the other Bishops, sent to the Tower by James. He was a predecessor of the Prelate to whom these lines are inscribed. He had character, patronage, wealth, station, eminence: he resigned all, at the accession of King William, for the sake of that conscience, which, in another reign, sent him a prisoner to the Tower. He had no home in the world; but he found an asylum with the generous Nobleman who had been his old schoolfellow at Winchester. Here, it is said, he brought with him his shroud, in which he was buried at Frome; and here he chiefly composed his four volumes of poems.

I hoped some of his letters would have been found at Longleat. I wrote to the Marquis of Bath on the subject, and if they could have been found, I had a wish of attempting to write the life of a Wycchamist—a great and interesting character, connected with old Isaac Waller, with whose son he travelled in Italy; but no letters could be found. Justice has never been done to this great and good man. There is a most interesting portrait of him at Longleat.

P. xlv. L. 13.

Of science, honour'd by the name of BOYLE.

At Marston House is still to be seen the original Orrery, invented, if not made, by the nobleman whose name it bears. In a Review,* under the patronage of the Lord of the "whirling wheels," the Member for the County, it was seriously advanced, as a proof of the worthlessness, in talent and literature, of the English nobility, that the chief record of intellectual eminence was reserved by the NAME of "PEMBROKE" given to a noble! The article being sent to me, I returned it with a simple marginal note,—
 "What does this *liberal* think of an 'ORRERY?'"
 "At all events, the 'ORRERY' may be placed against the
 "'Pembroke!'"

P. liv. L. 6.*

Proud of Wintonian scholarship,

To the circumstance which had nearly proved fatal to the writer's future poem on Banwell Hill, I might add another circumstance which nearly proved *fatal* to his progress "in *humour*," and "*scholarship*," at Winchester; and this I shall record for the *use of parents*.

* Westminster Review.

Every boy in the school had a whip, and *pair* of boots, which they were particularly fond of displaying—comparing the cost, workmanship, neatness, &c. The Author was sent from Shaftesbury, on a little pony, with a servant, *not* with a pair of *new boots*, but *ingloriously* in a pair of *worsted boot-stockings*, which, my father observed, would keep my under-stockings from the dirt, as well as the *best pair of boots* in Shaftesbury. I said nothing, but *woefully* proceeded thus to equip myself, giving a *guinea* as pocket-money.

In my equestrian character, with a heavy heart, I set out to *cross* the downs near Shaftesbury, under conscious humiliation at my equipment, in *woollicious boot-stockings*! In passing over the downs, as I was not seen by any one, I bore up tolerably well, but deigned not a syllable to the servant, who assured me, in vain, that *woollicious boot-stockings*, in summer, were just as good as *boots*. I was thus expressively called in Wiltshire, “*stomachy*!”

The moment I dismounted at the White Hart, I had determined on making *my escape*, and never return to school or home. I had a guinea in my pocket, and thought I might join somewhere a party of Gipsies! I set out from the inn “on my forlorn hope.” I passed by the Cathedral church-yard, looked at the beautiful spire, little thinking what would be my future connection with that interesting edifice, though, had the bells struck out, I might have thought they said—like Whittington—

“TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON!”

By the farther gate of the Close, just in the corner, was a handsome shoe and boot shop, and the same shop is there, at this day, with the same articles. As good luck would have

it, a tempting pair of new boots, which I thought would fit me, hung at the door. I walked backwards and forwards for twenty minutes, first looking at the boots, then feeling my money—then looking again at the boots. At last I went boldly into the shop, and said to the shopman, “What is the price of *these boots*?” “The price of these boots, young gentleman, is just twenty shillings!” I had a guinea in my pocket, so that if I bought them, I should have only *one* shilling, with which to go to school; and I was almost as bad as wearing *boot-stockings*! I then walked out of the shop, and with my first intention as far as old Easton’s shop, when, though I heard the bells, like *Whittington*, I thought I would return and look at the boots again. In fact, I had made up my mind. I went into the shop again:—“You could not let me have these boots a shilling cheaper?” “No! they are “*back-streets*!”” (φαναντα συστειοισι.) “Will they fit?” I asked. I went down to try: they fitted delightfully! I looked at one leg in the new boot, and the *other* with the *boot-stocking* on. They fitted as if made for me; and Heavens, what a difference! I put down the guinea; took the shilling; felt a *triumph* at heart, which, in all my changes in life, I have never felt since; and was just *strutting* out of the shop, when I spied the inglorious stockings. I took them up with some loftiness of scorn, threw them into the canal, and stood to see them swim *gloriously* down the canal, with other *inglorious* substances, till they were completely out of sight; and then returned, with *one shilling*, and my new boots, to the Inn.

P. liv. L. 18.

A momentary vision?—

After "MY TASK," I trust I may be allowed a little more incidental *gossip*. The name of this young lady was LINTERN. She had just left the pupilage of Miss More, since so celebrated; I, from Winchester, had been lately entered at Oxford. She was a niece of the Rev. Mr. Gegg, who had built a large new house on the range of the Church-hill, at Uphill. There were some parish *feuds* between her uncle and my father; so she had not been called away to the groves of Academe, this incident might have led to a rural Romeo and Juliet scene. I looked for the print of her light step, after she was vanished: the wave had washed it out. I had not however made rhyme from Joe Miller, in vain; so—for Robinson Crusoe was not yet out of my memory—I composed the following lines, which I now write down for the first time, not having courage to present them to the lady, and which may accompany the lines of Langhorne on her school-mistress—on the same sands—*mine* being a favourite scholar, as I have heard:—

When Crusoe, on the desert sands,
 A human footstep spied,
 He started, and with lifted hands,
 "THE DEVIL!" shudd'ring cried!
 If such, amidst the desert scene,
 The dire effect of fear,
 What had he said, if he had seen
 This fairy-footstep here?

This was my first effort in *poetical* compliment. To show that I had not forgotten the style in maturer age, may I subjoin the following?—

On two Ladies, in company with Mr. MOORE, after the publication of "Loves of the Angels."

Earth's daughters, in the world's first light,
 Descending Angels drew!—
 So sings the bard!—and well they might—
 IF THEY RESEMBLED YOU.

There is a tradition, that LANGHORNE, on Uphill sands, in early days, scratched the following rhymes:

"Upon the shore
 "Walk'd Hannah More,
 "Waves let this record last,—
 "Sooner shall be
 "The earth the sea,
 "Than what she writes be pass'd!"

The next day, to return the compliment, the lady wrote some lines, the two first of which are, I believe, as follows:

"Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, chuse,
 "For the effusions of thy partial muse."

Whatever may be thought of such *coquetry*, the following verses, by Langhorne, are indeed most exquisite:

"'Twas when at Summer's softest eve,
 "Of clouds, that *wander'd west away*,
 "Twilight, with *gentlest hand* did weave
 "Her fairy robe, of night and day;
 "When all the mountain-gales were still,
 "And the wave slept against the shore,
 "And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 "Left its last light on Limmer-Moore!"

Langhorne left one son and one daughter: the son is living; the daughter, Constantia, so called from "Letters to Constantia," married Abraham Edridge, esq; and is buried at Chippenham. I cannot close this note without a sigh to her memory.

P. lviii. L. 23.

Through the deep solitude of GOBLIN-COOB.

The Author having been engaged some time in writing his views on the chief of the Celtic Deities, the Mercurius of Cæsar, the Teut of the Druids, or Teutates, as the word, from the Ægyptian Thoth, is latinised by Lucan, had been led to consider the British or Celtic appellations of peculiar hills and mounds, these particularly, called Toots or Teut-hills, as dedicated to this Deity.

Cæsar says, speaking of Mercury, that there were many images of him throughout Gaul. The image of Thoth—Taute, or Teut—was originally a stone, afterwards changed, by the Grecians, to the airy God, with wings and caduceus.

Many hills are called to this day Teuts or Toots. And from this name is derived, according to my ideas, those hills, one near Uphill, and many others, called Totter-Down—Taute-Downs.* †

* The dissertation is called, *Hermes Britannicus*, published by NICHOLS, Parliament-street.

† See COTTON's Angler, Derbyshire:

"*Viator*. What hill is this?

"*Piscator*. We call it Hanson Toot!"

On all these hills, there will be generally found a cavity, where the image, or stone, stood. Many hills, still bearing that name, have only the cavity where the stone stood: there are also mounds with the stone remaining, but not the name. Travelling from Weston to Bristol, I saw an immense conical hill, such as I should, in any part of the county, pronounce a Taute, or Teut hill, exactly of the shape of Silbury Hill in Wiltshire, with the huge stone on it. With some anxiety, I asked my fellow-traveller the name of that vast natural mound, with the stone on it, and he directly replied *Cleeve-Toot!* This elevation stands not far from that singular and solitary vale, called Goblin-Coomb vale. I have no doubt, the word Goblin-Coomb is derived from the idea of something supernatural connected with the rude stones in this place.

To show the connection between Teut and Goblin-Coomb, I turn to the Celtic dictionary, and at the word Teus, I find *spectre!* Teut and Teus have an evident connection. Goblin-Coomb is near Cleeve-Teut, and the name is derived from the supposed apparition, or spectre, of the Deity.

P. lix. L. 19.

And there, that beautiful, but solemn church.

In Somersetshire, where almost every parish-church is a small *cathedral*, few, in chasteness and picturesque propriety can be compared with Yatton. Under the active superintendence of the Bishop, who shows at once his feelings

of ecclesiastical interest as Diocesan, and his judgment as a person of taste, the parish-churches have put on a renewed and more interesting appearance. The beautiful church, of which my old friend, Thomas Wickham, is vicar, is now under a course of repair. Some curious entries, from an old register, by the clerk, introduced by singular ornaments of penmanship, may be considered by the antiquarian as of some interest. A charge appears for bell-ringing at the death of Mary Queen of Scots, in the year 1559.

The garden of this Vicarage is in the most appropriate character of parsonic decoration.

P. lx. L. 11.

With porch of flowers, and bird-cage, at the door.

Wherever there is a flower at the window, or a bird-cage at the door, the owner of that cottage is comparatively happy, and generally *moral*, in proportion.

FINIS.

